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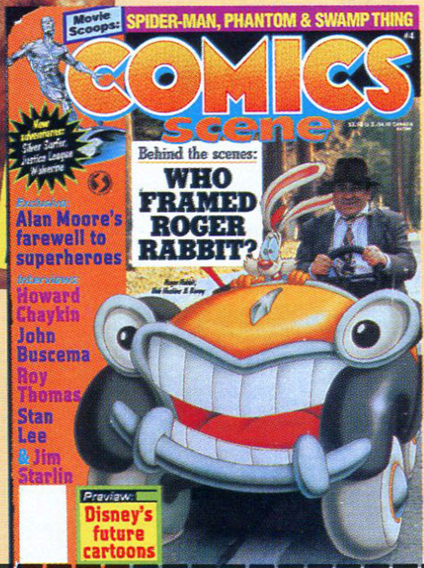
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GOREZONE is published six times a year, in Jan., Mar., May, July, Sept. & Nov. by O'Quinn Studios, Inc., 475 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. This is issue #7 (ISSN 0896-8802). Entire contents is copyright © 1989 by O'Quinn Studios, Inc. All rights reserved. Reprint or reproduction of any material in part or in whole without the publishers' written permission is strictly forbidden. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. Subscription rates: $15.99 for one year (6 issues) delivered in the U.S. and Canada. Foreign subscriptions: $20.99 in U.S. funds only. **New subscriptions:** send directly to GOREZONE, 475 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016. GOREZONE accepts no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, photos, art, or other materials, but if free-lance submittals are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope, they will be considered and, if necessary, returned. Printed in the U.S.A. GOREZONE is a trademark of O'Quinn Studios, Inc. Don't drink the milk. It's spoiled.

BLOOD FEST

One Year Older, One Year Grosser

Where's our cake? It's splattered across 72 pages, that's where.

Photo: Copyright 1982 Laurel

Some people try to ignore or forget their birthdays after they've reached a certain age. They dread each year added to their lives, unable to face their own mortality. Youth slips away, health begins to fail and the maggots gear up for the feast.

In the publishing business, however, a magazine's birthday (or anniversary of first publication) is the cause of great celebration. One year older can mean one year stronger, circulation-wise. It's expensive to start up a quality magazine, and an uphill battle competing with thousands of already-established publications for limited newsstand space. Given these drawbacks, it's quite an accomplishment to survive that first year out on the stands. And Baby Gorzo, as Chas. Balun dubs the magazine on page 7, is alive and screaming after its maiden 12 months. Put on those silly hats and take out the obnoxious noisemakers, please. Make that a Carvel ice cream cake, with chocolate crunchies in it. Time to celebrate!

We had the choice of tossing a wild party at a noisy Manhattan disco, or a sit-down dinner at the back of a Chinese restaurant. But we'd rather keep it quiet and turn the pages of GOREZONE #7 into our anniversary jubilee. For the big event, our publisher chose to upgrade this entire issue to full-color and add 12 additional pages of editorial (eight poster pages were subtracted in the process; we'll return to four posters next issue). Neither STARLOG nor FANGORIA has ever done an all-color issue before. GOREZONE's the first. We've done our darnedest to make this edition the best yet. Oh, about the $1.45 price increase: It's just for this issue. Grandma's been sick, you see, and color doesn't come cheap in the publishing world.

So what's so special about this issue? For one, we've taken a long, hard look at GOREZONE with an eye toward improving it. To make the book more readable, we've changed several of the typefaces, making the departments consistent to separate them from the feature article typefaces. In addition, GOREZONE #7 boasts a more stylish and visual appearance, thanks to art director Emily Frey Sloves. Emily assumed designing chores back in issue #2, and the book's layouts have improved immeasurably.

Those extra pages also allowed us to run a lengthier story, Timothy M. Swain's "Lust for Life," which I feel is our finest fiction yet. Swain, who hails from Indiana, previously contributed to *Twilight Zone* and *Cavalier*. No doubt you'll be reading further stuff from this talented writer in the years ahead. The story's art comes from the magic brush of Madman, a staff addition since GOREZONE #5. Check out Madman's bloody good work in his *Lunatic Binge* anthology comic (Triad Publications).

In GOREZONE #1 we promised to deliver outtakes from Frank Henenlotter's *Brain Damage*, one of last year's top flicks. Frank personally pulled exclusive never-too-late photos for our birthday bash. Thanks, Frank. *Scarecrows* and *Luther the Geek* (see pages 16 and 30 respectively) are two other highly recommended independents. Sure, it's got flaws, but *Luther the Geek*'s the most rivetting splatter film since *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. It grabs you by the throat from the very beginning and refuses to let go.

This issue wouldn't have been possible without you, our loyal readers. You kept GOREZONE going strong in its first year. Thanks for your support. And, hey, drop us a line to let us know if you've had a good time at the party. Or better yet, drop by the FANGORIA *Weekend of Horrors* (see ad opposite page) and tell us in person.

—Anthony Timpone
Editor

THE WEEKEND OF THE YEAR FOR HORROR FANS!

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TOM BURMAN: FX master of CAT PEOPLE, BEAST WITHIN, PLANET OF THE APES and more previewing his next film LIFE ON THE EDGE
ROBERT SHORT: FX for BEETLEJUICE, ET, etc.
SCREAMING MAD GEORGE: FX for NIGHTMARE 4
MARK VERHEIDEN: writer of comic book ALIENS
JOHN BUECHLER: superstar horror FX master and director
THE SWAMP THING: in person to promote the upcoming SWAMP THING II
CHRIS BIGGS: NIGHTMARE 4 and CRITTERS Makeup designer
RHET TOPHAM: writer of FREDDY'S NIGHTMARES and 976-EVIL
HAUNTED GARAGE "HORROR" BAND in performance featuring DUKEY FLYSWATTER (star of SURF NAZIS MUST DIE)
MARK SHOSTROM: FX design for FROM BEYOND, DEEPSTAR SIX, NIGHTMARE 3, PHANTASM II
CHARLES LIPPINCOTT: producer of upcoming JUDGE DREDD and NIGHT LIFE
SCOTT SPIEGEL: writer of EVIL DEAD II and director of INTRUDER
RANDY COOK: star of I, MADMAN
SOMTOW SUCHARITKUL: author/director of LAUGHING DEAD
CHAD ALLEN: costar of TERRORVISION and OUR HOUSE
FRANK DARABONT: screenwriter of NIGHTMARE 3, BLOB, and FLY II
MARK CARDUCCI: screenwriter of PUMPKINHEAD, TALES FROM THE DARKSIDE
TONY RANDEL : director of HELLRAISER II: HELLBOUND
LAR PARK LINCOLN: the only actress to survive both JASON and FREDDY

and many more GUESTS STARS to BE ANNOUNCED

PLUS FOOTAGE AND/OR SLIDE PREVIEWS OF UPCOMING HORROR FILMS including: CLASS OF 1999, CHUD 2, SUNDOWN, LIFE ON THE EDGE, RETURN OF THE SWAMP THING, UHF, WARLOCK, HORROR SHOW, INTRUDER, THE ABYSS, LEVIATHAN, THE BORROWER, I, MADMAN, NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET V & others

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GUT reactions

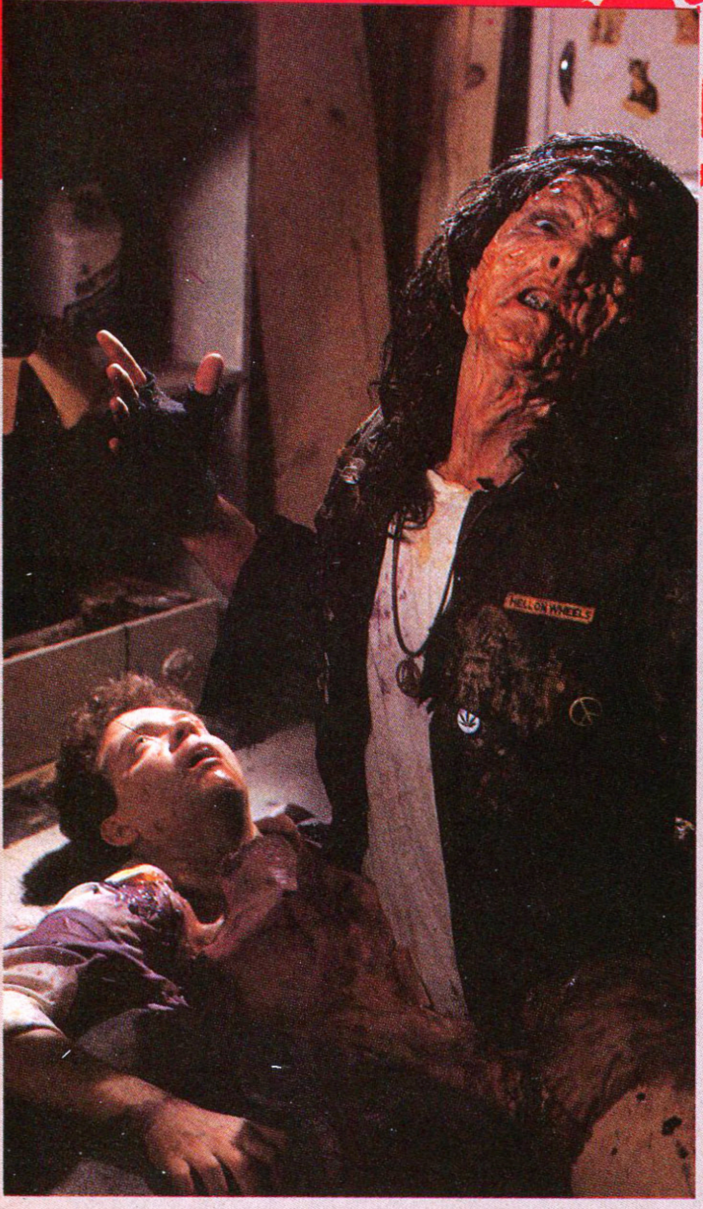


Photo: M. Neuprez

An anti-longhair gets a rise out of Acid Sid.

SKINHEAD BASHES LONGHAIRS!

. . . I picked up GOREZONE #4 and couldn't wait to view the rows of dissected bodies, but lo and behold, I found an article concerning Anthrax. Disgusted, I mumbled to myself something about longhairs. I decided to drop the whole thing and forgive and forget, but when I took out the posters, I found Ozzy Osbourne.

Jeez, guys! I thought this magazine had taste. If I wanted to read about some longhaired, headbanging metal band, I would pick up the nearest metal mag and puke on the pictures. Now, I'm not going to rave about my favorite bands and tell you that you have to do an interview on them, but for sanity's sake, keep longhairs out of GOREZONE!

"Evil" Eric
461 N.W. Witham Drive
Corvallis, OR 97330

You did not find an article on Anthrax, Eric. You found an article on Pledge Night, *which Joey Belladonna starred in. Likewise, the Ozzy poster featured Greg Cannom makeup. As we say, we cover horror crossovers wherever they occur. If Killjoy from Necrophagia stars in a slasher flick or Boom and the Legion of Doom hire Rick Baker for a video, we'll feature them, too, regardless of haircuts.*

SPEAK UP, GANG!

. . . I read the Blood Fest section in GOREZONE #4, and I agree with you totally! I think the MPAA gets carried away with the butchering. I mean, these days when I'm getting ready to watch a horror flick I get pretty excited, but when it's over, I'm disappointed. There's hardly any blood or guts!

So I was hoping you could help me. Is there any way you can get ahold of the MPAA's address?

Brian C. Weiss
3939 Gresham Court
Oakdale, MN 55109

Send a brief, intelligent, typed letter to the MPAA at 1133 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10036. Tell them you support the proposed A rating for nonpornographic adult films. Don't say anything abusive or threatening; the MPAA are nice folks.

YO MOM, LIGHTEN UP!

. . . I have Fango and GOREZONE posters on my walls in my room. My mom thinks I'm demented and tells me to take them down. What should I do? By the way, you have the best magazine in the world.

Jeff Straight
(no address)

Make a deal with dear Mom: Tell her you'll take down your posters if she destroys the wedding pictures and Van Gogh prints hanging on her walls.

HATS OFF TO CANNOM!

. . . I would like to correct one error in GOREZONE #3. The photo caption on page 45 suggests that *all* the *Fright Night—Part 2* makeups featured in the article are the work of my crew and myself, when in fact the Louis werewolf makeup on page 47 was the work of Greg Cannom and his crew. Greg not only provided all the incredible FX for Louis (sadly, many of which did not make the final cut), but also those for Bozworth (Brian Thompson) as well.

Bart J. Mixon
Van Nuys, CA

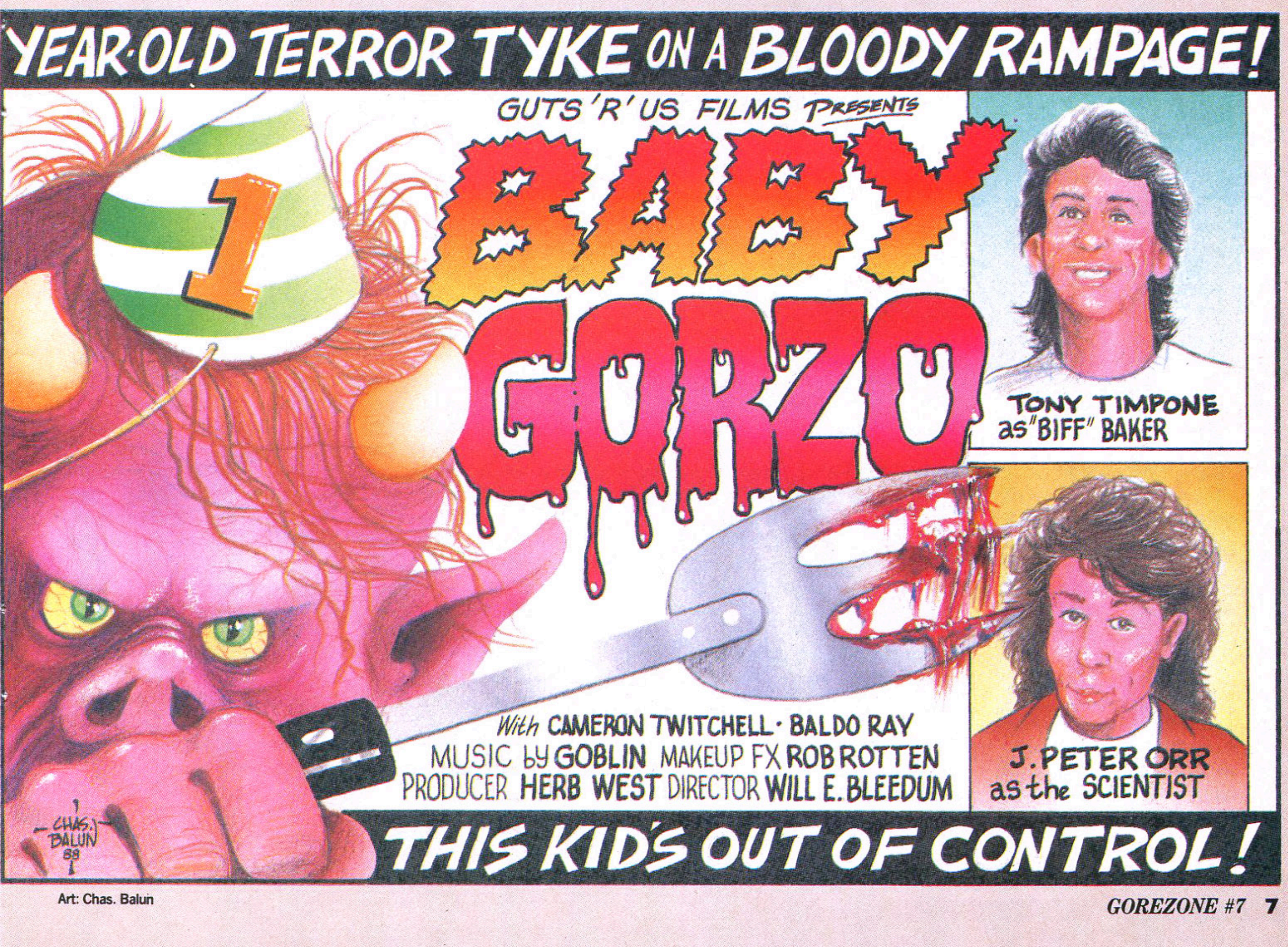
CANADIAN TV SLAUGHTER!

. . . Scanning through the channels during the wee hours of the morning, watching reruns of *Charlie's Angels* and *Eight is Enough*, I stumbled across a scene of a girl being ripped in half by a bunch of Chewbacca-looking dudes, her guts hanging from her bones. They grabbed her legs and tore her from crotch to neck. Obviously, I didn't change the channel. For some odd reason, they showed *everything*. This wasn't even Pay TV! Blood and guts splattered everywhere. I watched the complete movie—at least what was left of it—just to get to the credits. But the goofs at the broadcast point cut them out, most likely the only bit of censoring in the whole film.

So here's my dilemma: I've got to know the title of the flick (the director and any other information will also be appreciated; is it available on video?) The *TV Guide* identifies the movie as *Conquest*. The dialogue was in Italian with no dubbing. There was enough human blood to delight any cannibal. Within the last hour, a tribe of humans had a feast of foxes and then were ripped apart by the Chewbacca tribe. The only other notable feature was the overabundance of

Photo: Imperial

The *Demons 2* cast dropped by the GOREZONE Anniversary bash, but left abruptly after reading a certain letter from an Alabama reader.


YEAR-OLD TERROR TYKE ON A BLOODY RAMPAGE!
1
GUTS 'R' US FILMS PRESENTS
BABY GORZO
TONY TIMPONE as "BIFF" BAKER
J. PETER ORR as the SCIENTIST
With CAMERON TWITCHELL · BALDO RAY
MUSIC by GOBLIN MAKEUP FX ROB ROTTEN
PRODUCER HERB WEST DIRECTOR WILL E. BLEEDUM
CHAS. BALUN 88
THIS KID'S OUT OF CONTROL!

Art: Chas. Balun

In *Name That Fulci Movie*, TV's too-hot game show, Vanna White spins the Wheel of Misfortune.

nudity, which definitely backs up my theory of its being Italian.

Kevin Sczepanski
59 McDonald Avenue
Scarborough, Ontario
Canada, M1L 3Y7

Conquest is a 1983 Lucio Fulci film, written by Giovanni di Clemente. It's available from Media Home Entertainment.

RAH, RAH, "CHILD'S PLAY"!

...I just returned from screening the wonderful, thrilling, exciting and intense *Child's Play*. Chucky was great! It was by far the best doll movie yet. Maybe Tom Holland will find a way to renew Chucky in a sequel. I doubt it, though, after the way they slaughtered the poor dude. Anyway, the crew of *Child's Play* deserve credit for a job well done. And whatever credit they do get, it isn't enough.

J.B.
Kenner, LA

EVERYBODY LOVES GOREZONE!

..I was reading Gut Reactions when I stumbled across this one letter that severely upset me. It was about changing GOREZONE. GOREZONE is the perfect magazine. You don't need to stop covering the same stories that Fango does. Some people don't get Fango. One reason I get GOREZONE is to avoid the cheap low-budget movies. (I admit there are some decent low-budget movies, but I haven't run into any yet.) And how about foreign movies? Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn. I don't mind a foreign flick every once in a while, but in every issue? I want to know about the movies that I can easily go out and rent or see. Please don't ruin a good thing. Keep GOREZONE the way it is.

Joey Patrick
217 Patricia Road
Madison, AL 35758

...I would like to shed some blood on a subject that really bothers me: people talking about changes that should be made to make GOREZONE a better magazine. They're the people that write in telling you that the posters and other sections should be improved or done away with. Let me be the GoreZonian to set things straight: Nothing needs to be changed. (I know *you* guys know that, but this is for the buyers who don't.) The movie coverage is the best since FANGORIA. The posters are terrific; they decorate my walls completely. The fiction is the best, and the gore-filled pictures really do it for me. You just can't get any better than this. Keep the great gore coming.

Maurice Bell
Irvington, NJ

WELL, NOT EVERYBODY

...In the past few issues of GOREZONE, I've noticed that quite a few people have written in and told you guys to cover the less mainstream, obscure splatter films. But after all the advice to do this, you still choose to publish articles on tame, goreless films like *Nightmare 4*, *Child's Play* and *Halloween 4*! I do appreciate articles like the Italian splatter report and Horrorscope in GOREZONE #5. But please, let's forget about Freddy, Jason, and Michael Myers and focus on films that display style in the tradition of masterpieces like *Re-Animator*, *Street Trash* and *The Evil Dead*. By the way, Chas. Balun's Piece O'Mind column is the best feature GOREZONE offers. When it comes to horror, Mr. Balun knows the difference between spectacular and stupid.

Chris Francisco
1449 Caldwell Drive
Spartanburg, SC 29301-9145

How long can you hold your breath?
TOC
TRI OCEANIC CORP

LEVIATHAN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER and LUIGI & AURELIO DE LAURENTIIS Present
A GORDON COMPANY PRODUCTION A GEORGE P. COSMATOS FILM "LEVIATHAN"
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Executive Producers LAWRENCE GORDON and CHARLES GORDON
Story by DAVID PEOPLES Screenplay by DAVID PEOPLES and JEB STUART
Produced by LUIGI and AURELIO DE LAURENTIIS Directed by GEORGE P. COSMATOS

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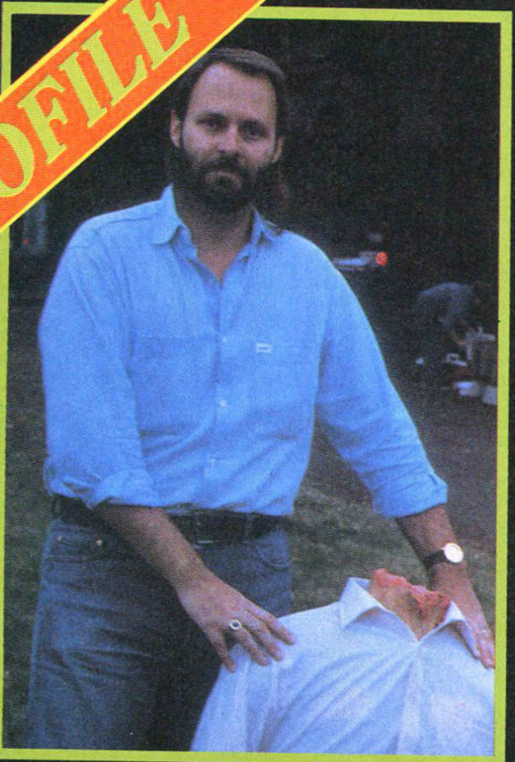
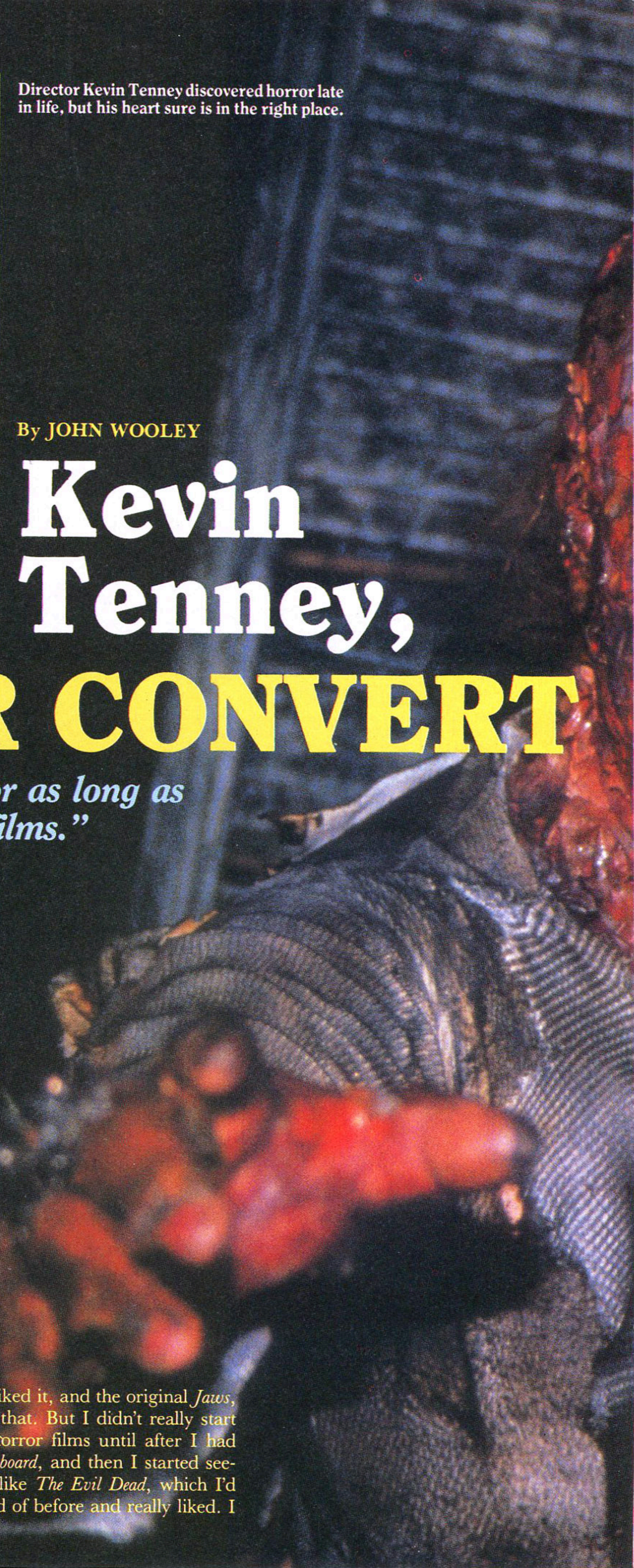
OPENS MARCH 17TH AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.

PROFILE


Director Kevin Tenney discovered horror late in life, but his heart sure is in the right place.



By JOHN WOOLEY

Kevin Tenney, TERROR CONVERT

"I'd like to do horror films for as long as I feel I can do good horror films."

We all know the story; it's been told enough that horror fans just about have it committed to memory. A guy grows up reading *Famous Monsters of Filmland* and idolizing its creator, Forry Ackerman. He spends a lot of time in front of the TV, watching old Universal and AIP fright features, maybe developing a crush on Evelyn Ankers or Marla English or Betsy Jones-Moreland along the way, and when he's an adult, all of that effluvia from his past forces its way back out and he becomes a big-time horror personality, paying Uncle Forry back and cashing in on all those yesterdays. It's worked that way for countless Big Names in the field, from Joe Dante to Stephen King to Rick Baker, and there's a warm and reassuring flow to it all.

So it's kind of disconcerting to hear Kevin S. Tenney—no relation to Del, the entrepreneur behind such inspired '60s sleaze as *Psychomania*, *Horror of Party Beach* and *I Eat Your Skin*—tell you that he didn't really go out of his way to watch horror movies in his youth. "I always liked good horror films, but I wasn't a big aficionado of the genre," admits the director/writer. "I had seen the original *Omen* and liked it, and the original *Jaws*, things like that. But I didn't really start watching horror films until after I had done *Witchboard*, and then I started seeing things like *The Evil Dead*, which I'd never heard of before and really liked. I

Night of the Demons has more gore than the relatively dry *Witchboard*.

Demons Photos: Paragon Arts International

A *Night of the Demons* college kid does the skinless tango.

was really impressed with how much more stylish horror films are compared to most other genres. I'd made a lot of films—all amateur, but still a lot of films—and I found myself doing things in horror films that I couldn't do in other films, because most other genres don't lend themselves to as much creative camerawork and creative lighting. The first time I went and saw *Witchboard* with a paying audience, and watched the people scream and jump in all the right places, that's when I really fell in love with the genre. When you do a good drama, unless people know you and can come up later and say, 'Boy, that really moved me,' you can't tell whether they're being moved or not. With a horror film, no one has to come up and tell you afterwards. The response is so much more immediate."

Wait a minute, here. How does a man who doesn't know beans about Sam Raimi and makes college films like the Viet vet drama *War Games* and *Book of Joe*, a seriocomedy about no less than the second coming of Christ, suddenly metamorphose into someone who does lunch with Linnea Quigley and has four horror features in the can? Is it simply because, as conventional wisdom goes, horror is an aspiring pro's easiest entrance into the film business?

"That, and I thought I had a new twist with *Witchboard*," claims Tenney. "A friend of mine, some time ago, brought a ouija board over and was playing with it, and I thought, 'Gee, I've never seen a horror film about a ouija board. I've seen films with ouija boards *in* them, but none *about* a ouija board.' So I started researching and wrote the story.

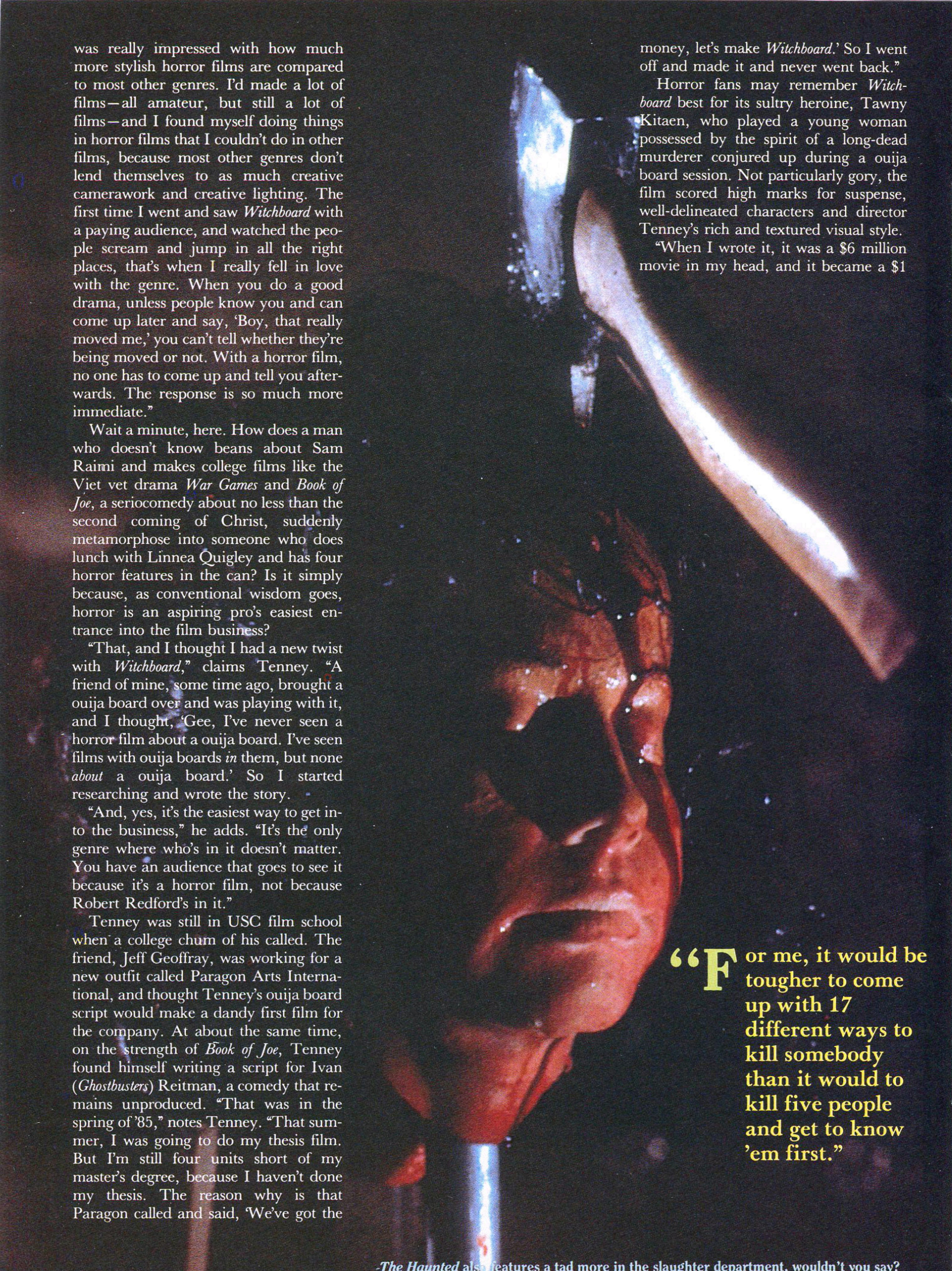
"And, yes, it's the easiest way to get into the business," he adds. "It's the only genre where who's in it doesn't matter. You have an audience that goes to see it because it's a horror film, not because Robert Redford's in it."

Tenney was still in USC film school when a college chum of his called. The friend, Jeff Geoffray, was working for a new outfit called Paragon Arts International, and thought Tenney's ouija board script would make a dandy first film for the company. At about the same time, on the strength of *Book of Joe*, Tenney found himself writing a script for Ivan (*Ghostbusters*) Reitman, a comedy that remains unproduced. "That was in the spring of '85," notes Tenney. "That summer, I was going to do my thesis film. But I'm still four units short of my master's degree, because I haven't done my thesis. The reason why is that Paragon called and said, 'We've got the money, let's make *Witchboard*.' So I went off and made it and never went back."

Horror fans may remember *Witchboard* best for its sultry heroine, Tawny Kitaen, who played a young woman possessed by the spirit of a long-dead murderer conjured up during a ouija board session. Not particularly gory, the film scored high marks for suspense, well-delineated characters and director Tenney's rich and textured visual style.

"When I wrote it, it was a $6 million movie in my head, and it became a $1

"For me, it would be tougher to come up with 17 different ways to kill somebody than it would to kill five people and get to know 'em first."



The Haunted also features a tad more in the slaughter department, wouldn't you say?

million movie on the screen," laughs Tenney. "I look back now and see that what we got from a million dollars was very impressive, and I realize now that today I could've gotten twice as much for the same amount, because I know more now than I did then. I like the fact that it had characters, but perhaps it was a little too talky. It needed to move a little quicker than it did."

Movement was no problem in Tenney's next feature, *Night of the Demons* (originally known as *Halloween Party*). Superficially similar to *Witchboard* in that evil and terror are unleashed when some kids start fooling around with the occult at a party, the picture was written by producer Joe Augustyn and became Tenney's second film for Paragon. It was done on a bang-bang four-week shooting schedule for about the same amount of money as *Witchboard* and although the plot is the one about teenagers getting knocked off in a haunted house, the film moves at a nice clip, aided by good acting, characters and Tenney's visual sense.

"*Witchboard* had problems with the first director of photography, who was fired eight days into the shoot, and at that point we were two or three days behind, so we spent a good portion of the shoot just trying to get back on schedule," explains Tenney. "Much of the film was shot with expediency in mind, not as stylish as I would've liked. With *Night of the Demons*, on the other hand, while I don't think it had as good a story to begin with, everything went perfectly. It went right, so I had so much more time to do what I wanted. Visually, it's my favorite."

Night of the Demons also showed a marked jump in gore content. It's got your spurting eyeballs, razor blades in the throat, and body parts chopped off with coffin lids—all courtesy of Steve Johnson (Fango #76) and crew—along with a startling effect in which a lipstick is pressed into a breast, disappears, and is pulled back out again.

That's the good news for gorehounds. The bad news is, yes, a couple of the more striking FX have been cut from the final print to appease the MPAA. "The eyes don't explode anymore," Tenney says, a bit ruefully. "Now, you just *hear* them explode. And the scene with the razor in the old man's throat was trimmed down very much. That surprised me, because I've seen as bad in *Friday the 13th* movies. The one I was really absolutely sure we were going to have problems with was the lipstick through the breast. I figured, well, it's not really gore, but it's not something where we can say, 'Oh, this has been done before.' That's why I wasn't worried about the eyes and the razor. That's been done before; everyone's used to that. The breast was the one I thought would get it, and they never mentioned it."

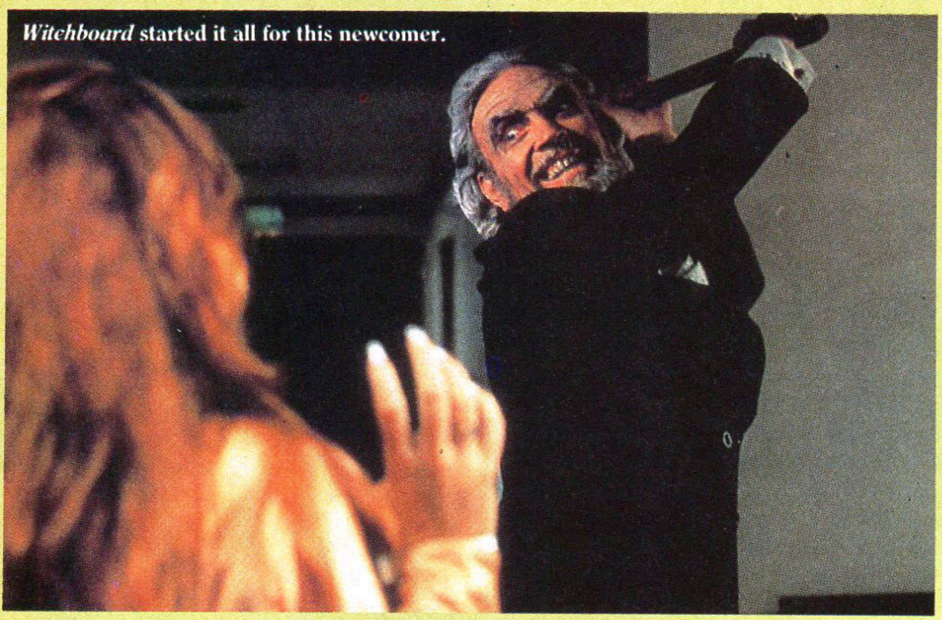
The breast under discussion here belongs to scream queen Linnea Quigley, whom Tenney calls "a real

Here's good news: According to Tenney, that *Cellar* victim is a yuppy.

The Haunted makes use of the old parapsychological investigation scenario.

Haunted Photos: Imperial Entertainment

Cellar Photos: Filmstar



Witchboard started it all for this newcomer.

Photo: Paragon Arts International

> "When you do a good drama, you can't tell whether [people are] being moved or not. With a horror film, the response is so much more immediate."

Even possessed, Linnea Quigley is a knockout.

sweetheart—an absolute doll to work with." Quigley worked again in Tenney's latest, *The Haunted*, which was shot in Tenney's home town of Fairfield, CA. ("An area that hasn't been overshot, and for a limited amount of money you get much more," he points out.) Described by executive producer Jackson Harvey as "a scary *Ghostbusters*," the Tenney-penned screenplay involves a house inherited by a man who intends to turn it into a bed-and-breakfast inn, cashing in on the notion that the house is "haunted." Things get serious, though, when a magician hired to spend the night there as a publicity stunt is frightened to death. Before you can say "boo," in charges a flock of parapsychologists and a security team to check that sucker out.

The Haunted was filmed quickly, on a three-week shooting schedule, but, asserts Tenney, "I've never had a set go so smoothly. It was the easiest shooting schedule I've ever had. Except for one person, I'd worked with the whole cast before. Four of 'em were in *Book of Joe*, and one was in *War Games*. Jim Quinn, who played the first victim in *Witchboard*, is the lead in this one. Hal Havens from *Night of the Demons* is in it, too. Linnea plays the video technician who works with the parapsychologist."

Among the other people reunited with Tenney for *The Haunted* was special FX designer and supervisor Tassilo Baur, whose other FX credits include *Witchboard* and *House*. Special makeup FX were handled by Judy Yonemoto. "We have, you know, the standard stuff," relates Tenney with a grin. "A guy's head blows up. There's a big scene at the end where a guy melts and his face catches fire. Stuff like that.

"This isn't Judy's first horror film, but it's her first...*quality* horror film. She did a lot of work for that company that does films direct to tape, City Lights, so she's used to working for no money under horrible conditions. When we put her under the gun, it was great for her. She was like, 'You call *this* no money under horrible conditions? This is a walk in the park,' " he laughs.

Between *Night of the Demons* and *The Haunted*, Tenney helmed *The Cellar*, which ran into trouble as it was being shot in Tucson. Tenney took over for the previous director and brought the film in. Starring Patrick Kilpatrick, taking a breather from his usual villainous roles, the story concerns a young boy who goes to live with his father in rural Texas and encounters a monster (courtesy of former Rick Baker apprentice Kevin Brennan and Elaine Alexander, Baker's ex-wife). It's based on a famous old horror tale, "The Thing in the Cellar," written by David H. Keller. Tenney calls it "*thirtysomething* meets *The Howling*."

"It turned out OK," opines Tenney. "I mean, it was down the toilet when I took it over, and I managed to get it back on the rim. Actually, it has some nice moments in it. I don't think hard-core horror movie fans would like it as much as people who don't usually like horror films, though. When I read the script, there were elements in it that were totally non-horror, and I took it because I wanted to show that I was capable. There are certain scenes that you could pull out and put on a reel and show to somebody, and they'd never know they came from a horror film. There's a lot of yuppie family drama in the middle of the horror, which is what appealed to me about it. Whether or not that will appeal to people who are shelling out their $6.50 to see a horror film, I'm not sure."

Which leads naturally to the big question of whether Tenney plans to stay with horror. "People say, 'What would you like to get into?' I'd like to do something in *every* genre," answers Tenney. "I don't actually want to get out of horror. I would like to do other genres, too, because for me a good film is good film, and category is secondary. I'd like to do horror films for as long as I feel I can do *good* horror films."

And what, in Tenney's opinion, makes a good horror film? "I think the answer could work for any genre: a good story. Bottom line. Your audience will forgive anything else. They'll forgive you if the acting isn't up to par, or if the lighting isn't up to snuff. But the worse your story is, the more perfect everything else has to be to make up for it. *Night of the Demons* isn't a horrible story, but there's not much of a story there. If it didn't look as good and wasn't acted as well and didn't move as well, the audience might not like it as much. *Witchboard* didn't look anywhere near as good, but it didn't have to, because the story involved people more.

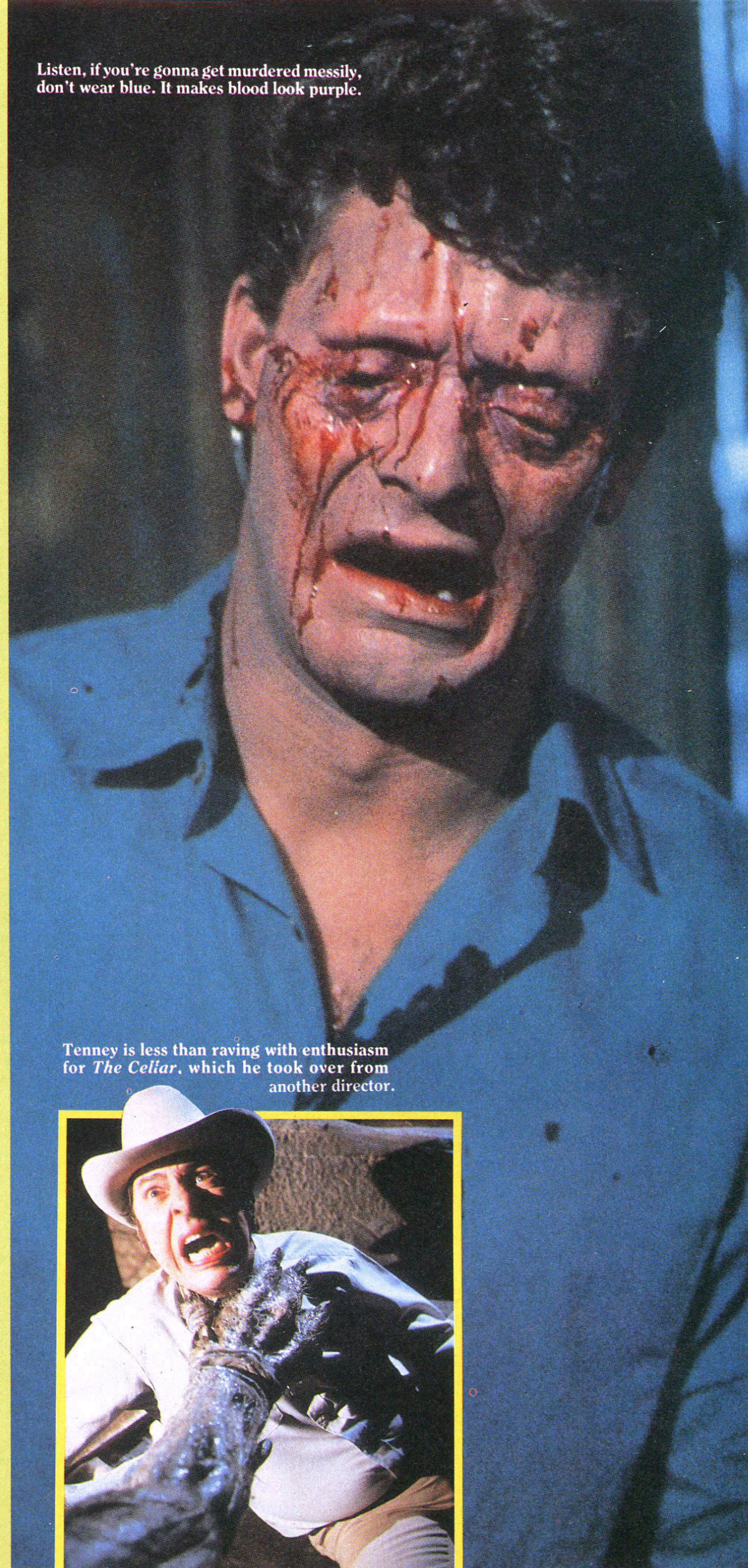
"I would find it real tough to write something like a *Friday the 13th*," he adds. "For me, personally, it would be tougher to come up with 17 different ways to kill somebody than it would be to kill five people and get you to know 'em first."

Along with his emphasis on characterization, Tenney has plenty of other strengths as director and writer. That's according to producer Jackson Harvey, who notes, "Kevin Tenney has the ability to construct stories that I call non-stop rollercoasters. There really isn't a dull moment. And he also has a very good visual eye. When you read a Kevin Tenney script, it's real short on long, descriptive sentences. Everything's very, very visual, and his ability as a director is not only in translating those ideas from the page to the screen, but in doing them with the most amount of effectiveness."

At this writing, Tenney has finished, and Paragon has accepted, a script for *Witchboard II*. Whether Tenney directs it or not depends on whether a pending three-picture deal goes through for his company, Mentone Pictures, formed last year by Tenney and producer Daniel Duncan. All of the proposed three pictures are horror films.

"I remember when we were doing student films at USC," recalls Tenney. "USC has a deal with SAG [the Screen Actors Guild] where SAG actors can work on our films for free, and they give up five or six weekends just to do your film. The only thing they get out of it is, if the film turns out good, they've got something to show to an agent or a producer. My big concern was always that when they came to the screening room, they didn't sit there and think, 'I spent six weekends of my life doing *this*?' "

Tenney laughs. "My same concern is that the audience doesn't feel that they just lost six bucks in a bite on the ass. I've been on that end of it, and there's nothing worse. I realize you can't please everybody, but even if people don't like it, I want them to at least feel that this wasn't someone who was contemptuous of his audience, someone who said, 'Aw, here's nude girls, here's violence, shut up and give me your six bucks.' I'd like them to at least know that I've studied the genre and I'm trying to do something with it."

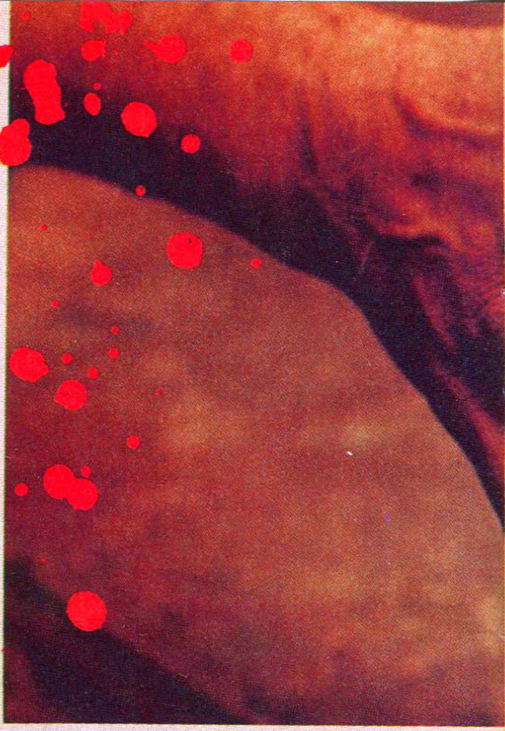


Listen, if you're gonna get murdered messily, don't wear blue. It makes blood look purple.

Tenney is less than raving with enthusiasm for *The Cellar*, which he took over from another director.

HORRORSCOPE

Night of the Living SCARECROWS



Will the living scarecrows usurp the Living Dead?

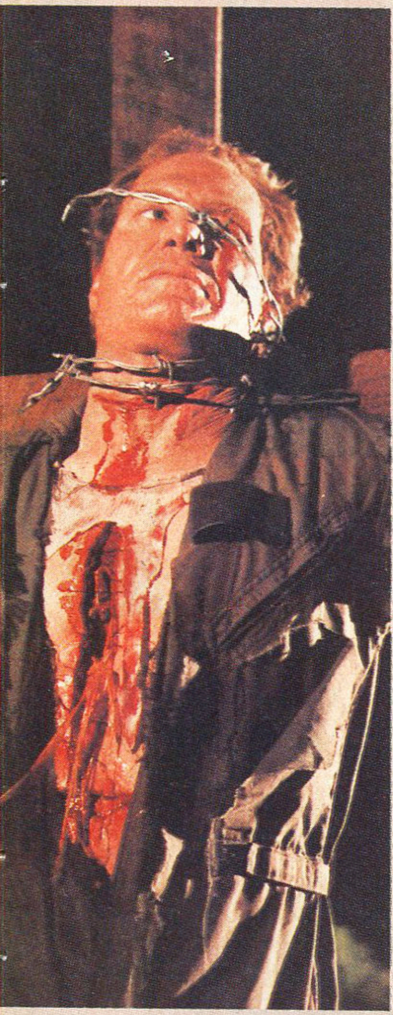
Fowler Farm seems like a pretty dead place. The old farmhouse is crumbling and there are no birds for the scarecrows in the overgrown field to frighten away. But that's before a military thief parachutes into the area with $3.5 million he's stolen from his robber buddies. The rest of the gang comes looking for him, whereupon they themselves fall victim to the now-living scarecrows, who mutilate them with knives, saws and axes before hanging them on crosses. *The Wizard of Oz* this ain't.

Welcome to *Scarecrows*, the debut feature of director William Wesley, who also co-wrote and co-produced the film, following several years as a cameraman and theater director. "It was my first film; my experience before that was in the Army," he relates. "I was shooting documentaries and training films. Some of the idea, in fact, came from being in the military. The financing came from a car dealer out in Miami named Ted Vernon, whom I met by accident. I happened to be working at the time for *The Auto Trader*. I was a photographer, and he asked me one day, 'How come you're not doing this movie yet?' I said I didn't have the money, and he said, 'No problem, I've got it.' He has always wanted to be in a horror film." Vernon wound up playing Corbin, one of the thugs.

A similar coincidence also led to Wesley's hiring a young makeup artist named Norman Cabrera to do the FX, including the living scarecrows and the gory havoc they wreak. "I met Norman in a comic book store, which is weird because I *never* go to comic book stores," Wesley marvels. "We started talking about the movie, and he asked me over to his house, where his room was filled more with monster heads than with furniture. It was a pretty chance meeting, especially when you consider that in Florida there aren't many makeup artists. He was 19 at the time."

Scarecrows completed principal photography over three years ago down in the Florida swamplands. "We had killer vampire mosquitoes eating us," Wesley claims. "At one point, I was so ill I was puking between scenes." After a long period of raising money for second unit and postproduction work, Wesley found a distributor in Manson International, who gave the $425,000 film a brief theatrical release before putting it out on video. The cassette is available in both an unrated version and one that's rated R. Since

Norman (*Summer School*) Cabrera created this FX hand for the scene where B.J. stops for a manicure.



Be sure to rent the unrated version or you'll miss eight minutes of this stuff.

Manson hadn't the budget to go through the appeals process, they simply cut out all the FX footage—eight minutes worth—to get the rating. "Don't see the R version," Wesley warns. "It was created just to get the film out to a couple of theaters so they could tell the video distributor it had a theatrical release. We're seeing much less gore on screen now than we did 10 years ago. The MPAA is becoming more and more conservative."

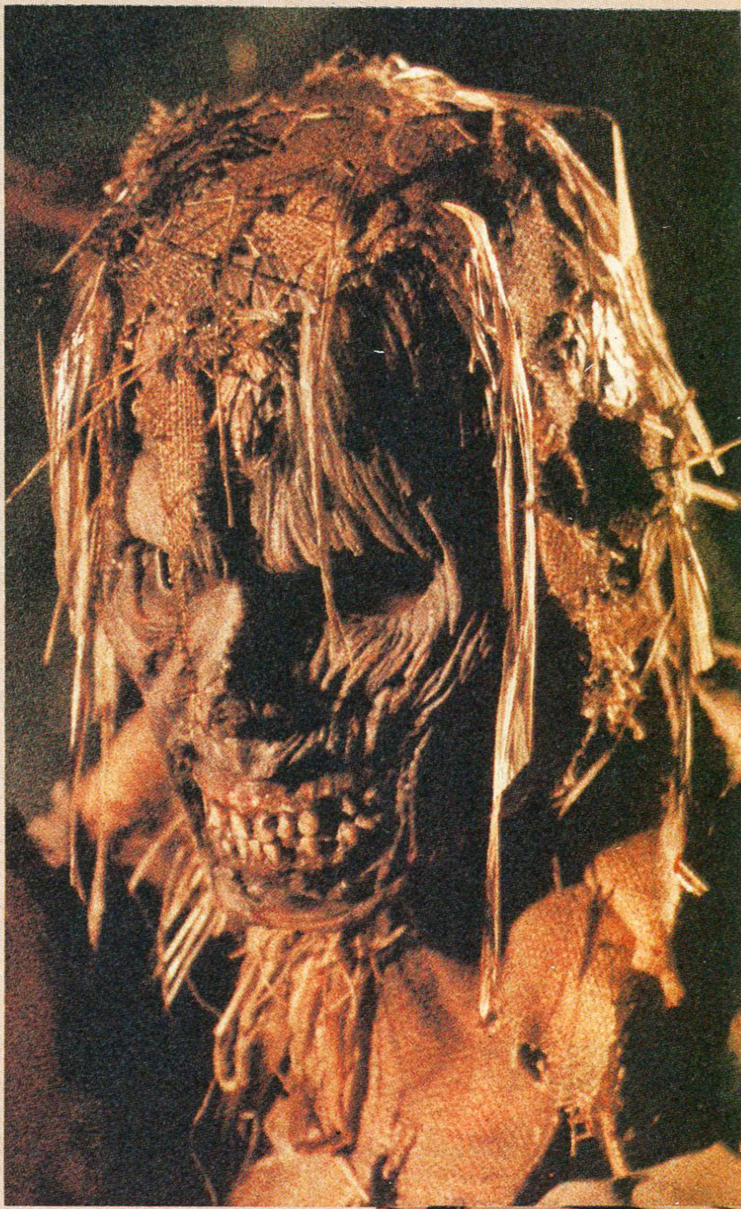
Whatever the version, the tape has become one of Forum Video's biggest recent sellers, so it's no surprise that Wesley is planning a sequel with the title *Scarecrows II: The Last Straw*. This time, the Army sends in some helicopters to retrieve the stolen money and runs afoul of the scarecrows. "Unnaturally, all the hell breaks loose again," the filmmaker promises. "The scarecrows have to double their demonic forces to combat the GIs and their lethal hardware; scarecrows hate flamethrowers!"

Wesley is currently searching for a major studio to back the project (which is budgeted between $3 and 6 million), but will retain Cabrera and co-producer Cami Winikoff.

Even beyond the sequel, Wesley has no plans to stray from his chosen genre. "I wouldn't do anything but horror," he promises. "A lot of beginning directors and producers just use horror as a stepping stone to do other kinds of films, which upsets me."

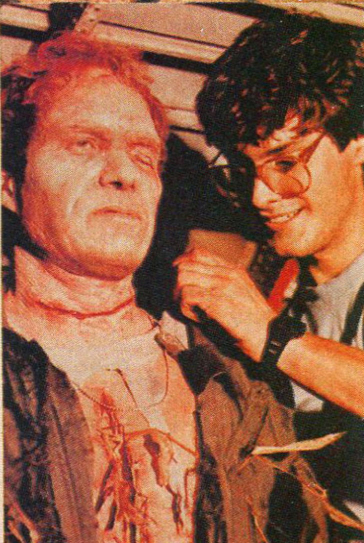
In particular, he bemoans the recent trend toward excessive humor in the genre. "I like my horror real scary, and I like to lose a lot of sleep when I see a horror film," Wesley asserts. "It's a really hard thing to accomplish. It's easier, I guess, to go for the funny stuff. There aren't too many people today that are doing serious horror, and that's pretty sad."

—Michael Gingold

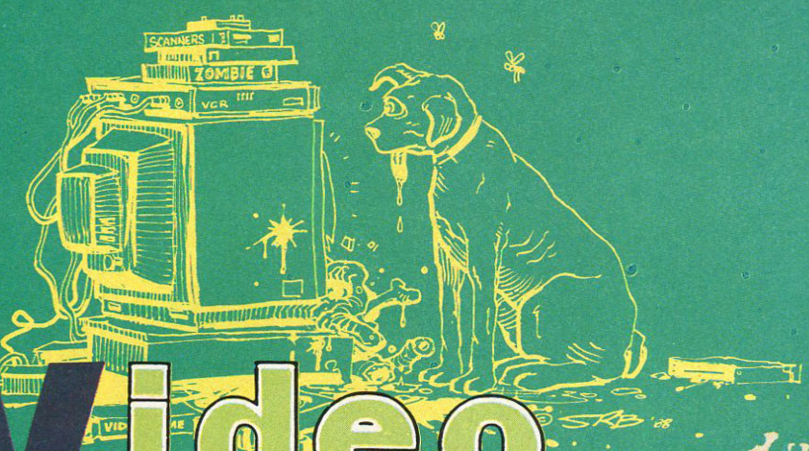


Photos: Courtesy Norman Cabrera

***Scarecrows* is one movie that screams for a sequel.**



Makeup artist Norman Cabrera (right), a Rick Baker protege, worked wonders on a low budget.



Video WATCHDOG

By TIM LUCAS

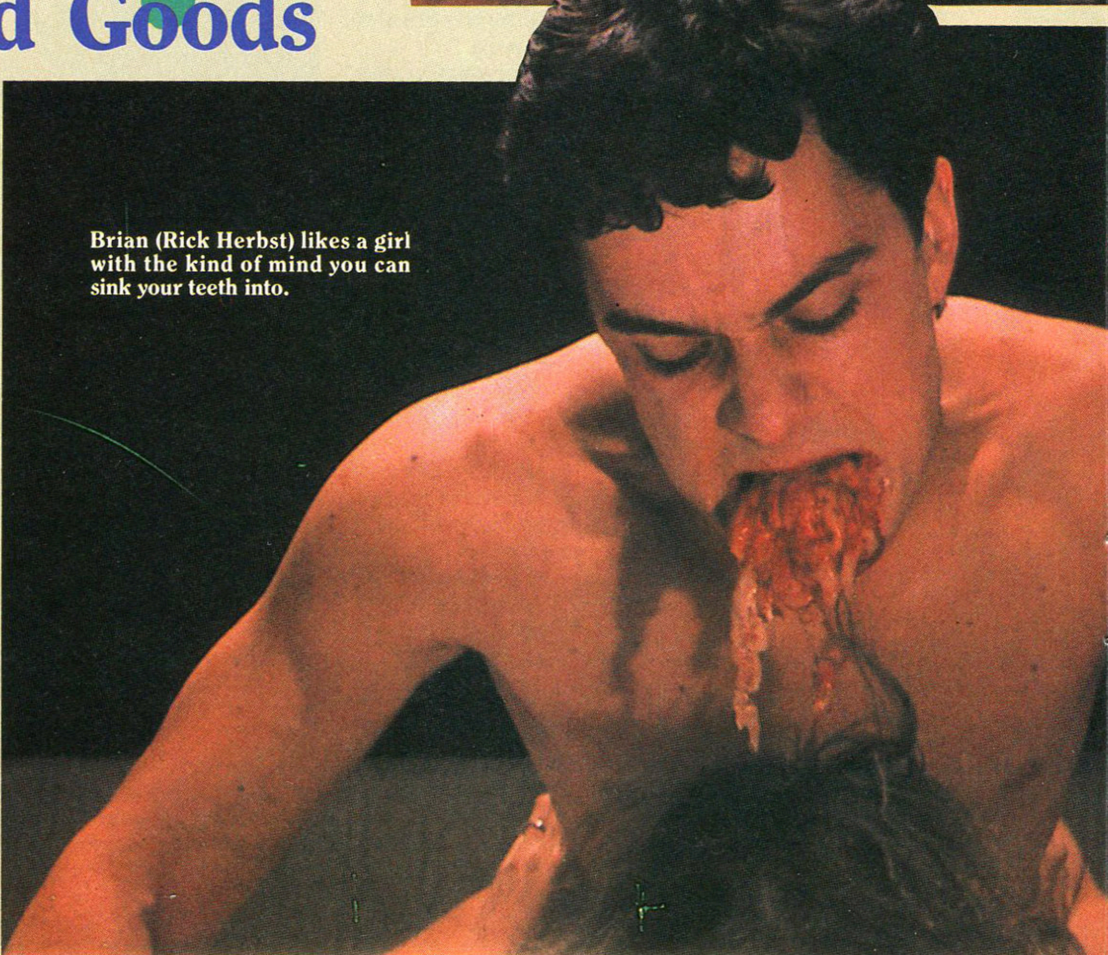
Everybody's favorite *Brain Damage* sequence never got the chance to nauseate the MPAA.

Damaged Goods

Several readers have written to ask when and how we might get to see the uncut version of Frank Henenlotter's *Brain Damage*. I took these questions to the film's producer, Edgar Ievins, who seems to be as much in the dark as the rest of us.

Although *Brain Damage* was originally intended to be released to video in R-rated and unrated editions via Palisades Entertainment, things changed when it was acquired by Paramount Home Video. Oddly, Paramount's tape is even *less* complete than the R-rated theatrical version! A painful 10 or 15-second overhead shot of Brian (Rick Herbst), suffering from parasite withdrawal, was deleted by Palisades, although it offered one of the film's few glimpses of the ugly flip side of addiction.

The other scenes removed



Brian (Rick Herbst) likes a girl with the kind of mind you can sink your teeth into.

from *Brain Damage* to secure an MPAA rating are as follows.

The Earpull Scene: Brian's bad trip, in which he starts pulling little bits of brain out of his ear until his entire ear pops out like a cork, unleashing a veritable flood of red and gray matter.

The Zipper Scene: Actually, Palisades trimmed this scene prior to the MPAA's screening. The blonde doesn't find what she expects, and suffers prolonged agonies.

The Toilet Scene: The man in the hotel toilet stall originally met a more vivid demise.

What does all this amount to, in minutes? Well, Leonard Maltin's *TV Movies and Video Guide* (which fact-checked from a Palisades press sheet) clocks the film at 94 minutes. Paramount's box claims 85 minutes, but that includes idiot trailers for other Paramount product at the beginning. The film itself runs 86 minutes. It's doubtful that the four missing scenes delineated here ever amounted to 10 minutes; Henenlotter himself asserts a total of three.

levins notes that the zipper business was in fact removed before the film was submitted to the MPAA—it would obviously *have* to go—but lucky fans in the United Kingdom will see every lurid frame of the earpull when the film has its theatrical release abroad. The British censors startled levins and Henenlotter by recognizing that the scene was "clearly fantasy," indicating that the MPAA may have become more conservative than its notorious English counterpart!

And now the Big Question: Will the uncut *Brain Damage* be the version made available on Japanese import tapes and discs? Not even levins will know till he gets his hands on a copy.

By the way, *Brain Damage* had the best end credits acknowledgement of the year: J. FRANCO'S HOUSE OF PAIN.

AND SPEAKING OF FRANCO . . .

Reader Michael Secula of Bethlehem, PA—a most learned Francophile—writes to correct my three-part Jess Franco videography on a few counts.

Oasis of the Zombies (Wizard/Lightning), directed by "A.M. Franck," is not Franco's *La Tumba de los Muertos Vivients* as commonly believed, but rather a similarly plotted film made by Franco's erstwhile producer, Marius Lasoeur. It is likely, however, that *Oasis* contains footage from *La Tumba*; it was filmed concurrently in the same location. This may explain Franco's brief cameo as a zombie. The script of *Oasis*, by the way, *is* credited to A.L. Mariaux, one of several pseudonyms Franco shares with other filmmakers.

Nor is the Poeless *Revenge in the House of Usher* (Wizard/Lightning) the same film as *The Sinister Dr. Orloff*. Secula has seen the *Orloff* film, of which he says, "Morpho in sunglasses kidnaps naked girls and carries them back to the lab of Orloff Jr. over and over and over again. . . that's about it."

Terreur Cannibal's pseudonymous director "Allan W. Steeve" turns out to be Julio Perez Tabernero (of *Sexy Cat* fame). As mentioned in the previous Watchdog column, Franco used Tabernero's name on Spanish prints of *The Midnight Party* (1975), establishing them as cohorts.

> **Paramount's [*Brain Damage* video] is even less complete than the R-rated theatrical version.**

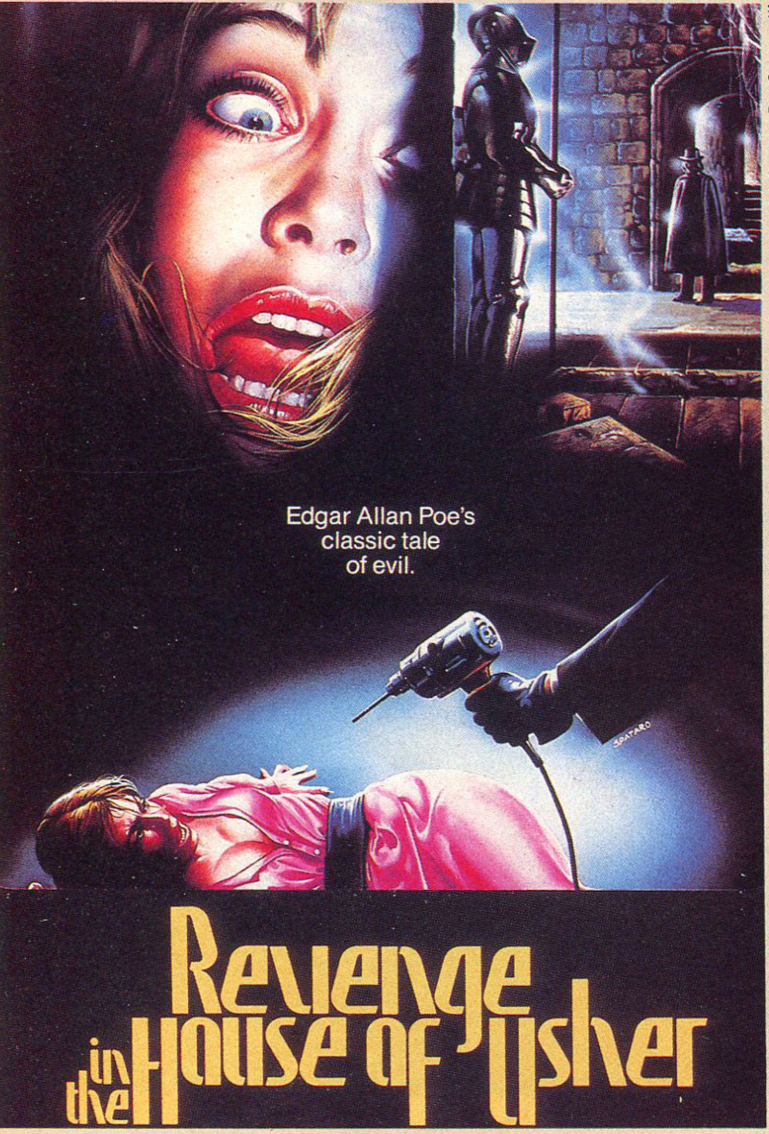
Furthermore, neither *Helltrain* nor *Fraulein Devil* (both Wizard/Lightning) were directed by Franco, although he was likely involved in both productions. *Helltrain* is actually *Train Special pour Hitler*, directed by Alain Payet. French filmzines credit the screenplay to "James Gartner and A.L. Mariaux," both known pseudonyms for you-know-who. Secula hasn't been able to produce any documentation on *Fraulein Devil*, but claims that Franco has never made a movie starring Malisa Longo. Again, at the very least, it has a Mariaux script.

A final conundrum: Secula adds that Max Pecas, the director of Private Screenings' mispackaged *The Midnight Party*, is a *real* filmmaker active on the French exploitation circuit since the late 1950s. On the other hand, a British filmography notes that Franco failed to

Carl Aured's *House of Psychotic Women*, a popular family film and perennial holiday viewing choice, now going for $9.98.

Photo: Courtesy Sam Sherman

"What's a little blood between friends?" asked Henenlotter. "What's a little X rating between friends?" replied the ratings board.



Art: Courtesy Dan Scapperotti

Leave it to Jess Franco to bring out the power tool aspects of 19th-century literature.

complete a French film titled *Lascive* in 1975. *Lascive* translates as "lascivious" or "lewd." Private Screenings identifies the film's original title as *Lewdness*, and it certainly dates from the same period. Is it an unfinished Franco film acquired for completion by Pecas? The world may never know. . .

FRANCO'S FRIEND

Last time, the Watchdog reported Video Dimensions' release of *Mark of the Devil, Part 2*, directed by Adrian Hoven, who co-produced such late '60s Franco films as *Kiss Me Monster*, *Succubus* and *Sadist Erotica*. (Somebody out there, *please* release these!)

A couple of other important Hoven movies on video have since come to light. Magnum's *Castle of the Creeping Flesh* is not a retitling of Freddie Francis' *The Creeping Flesh*, but rather Hoven's *The Castle of Bloody Lust* (*Im Schloss der Bluten Begierde*, 1967), directed by "Percy G. Parker." This graphically gory film was shot at the same time as the abovementioned Franco films, using the same casts, crews and locations.

Older GoreZonians may want to check out Private Screening's *MaidenQuest*, actually Hoven's *The Long, Swift Sword of Siegfried* (*Siegfried und das Liebesleben der Niebelungen*, 1971), an exuberant, lighthearted soft-core fantasy featuring the first screen appearance of Sybelle Denninger (later Sybil Danning). This is probably Hoven's best—certainly his least depressing—film, shot in many of the Austrian locations seen in his *Mark of the Devil* films. Also worth noting is the involvement of David (*Blood Feast*) Friedman as "writer, producer and director" of the English language edition. Friedman gives Hoven no screen credit whatsoever.

THEY MAKE 'EM LIKE THEY USED TO

Is the Video Watchdog dreaming? Not only is Paramount hot on Frank Henenlotter, MGM/UA Home Video is betting the bank on Jim Wynorski! Viewers of Wynorski's remake of Roger Corman's *Not of This Earth* should notice, amid the Grade-Z technique and Cup-D wardrobe, some of the most transparent camouflage since the Bush campaign.

Besides an opening credits sequence that cops all the most memorable highlights from Corman's New World era, *NOTE* proceeds to pad itself to feature length with entire scenes from those earlier epics! The scene of the blonde hearing noises outside her cabin is lifted from Barbara Peeters' *Humanoids of the Deep*. (If you look closely, you'll see the blonde reacting to the alien's appearance looks *nothing* like the woman in the preceding footage!) Later, after a female alien shows up to waste some overdressed punks, Wynorski inserts one of Joe Dante's scenes from *Hollywood Boulevard*, in which a masked/caped/uncredited Mary Woronov stabs someone to death.

While this chicanery is inexcusable and galling, I haven't had such an authentically Cormanesque charge from a Corman movie since *Hollywood Boulevard* itself. Several dialogue references to star Traci Lords' earlier films helped, too.

If you think Wynorski has a lot of nerve, MGM/UA Home Video is releasing this La-Z-Boy at $89.95!

AFFORDABLE PLEASURES

VidAmerica's new "World's Worst Videos" label is making a number of hard-to-find Independent-International titles (formerly released on the Super Video label) available at $9.98. Among the first releases are *Horror of the Blood Monsters*, Carlos Aured's *House of Psychotic Women* (with Paul Naschy), Al Adamson's *Blood of Ghastly Horror* and Amando do Ossorio's third "Blind Dead" opus, *Horror of the Zombies*—two of which are actually effective, well-crafted horror movies. Be warned: They're edited TV prints.

By the way, Goodtimes Home Video reports that their rights to 1988's RCA/Columbia "Halloween Package" have expired. Thus, if you find Goodtimes copies of *The Black Room*, *Curse of the Demon*, *Dracula and Son*, *The Gorgon*, *It Came from Beneath the Sea*, *The Man They Could Not Hang*, *Mothra*, *Return of the Vampire* or *13 Ghosts*, snap 'em up. You won't find them for that price again. The tapes are all beautifully transferred (at LP speed) from 35mm negatives and every bit as crisp as their original editions. If Goodtimes would only upgrade their duplication systems to Hi-Fi, I'd have no complaints at all.

Some notes on these titles, which I've had a chance to screen since first mentioning them in GOREZONE #6:

I noticed the opening credits footage in *The Black Room* is a mixture of freeze-frames and new video-generated actors' credits, evidently an attempt at restoration. The same was true of the RCA/Columbia release.

If *Dracula and Son* seems choppy, it's not Goodtimes' fault; the American version, hideously dubbed, runs 79 minutes, as opposed to the 110-minute version issued in France.

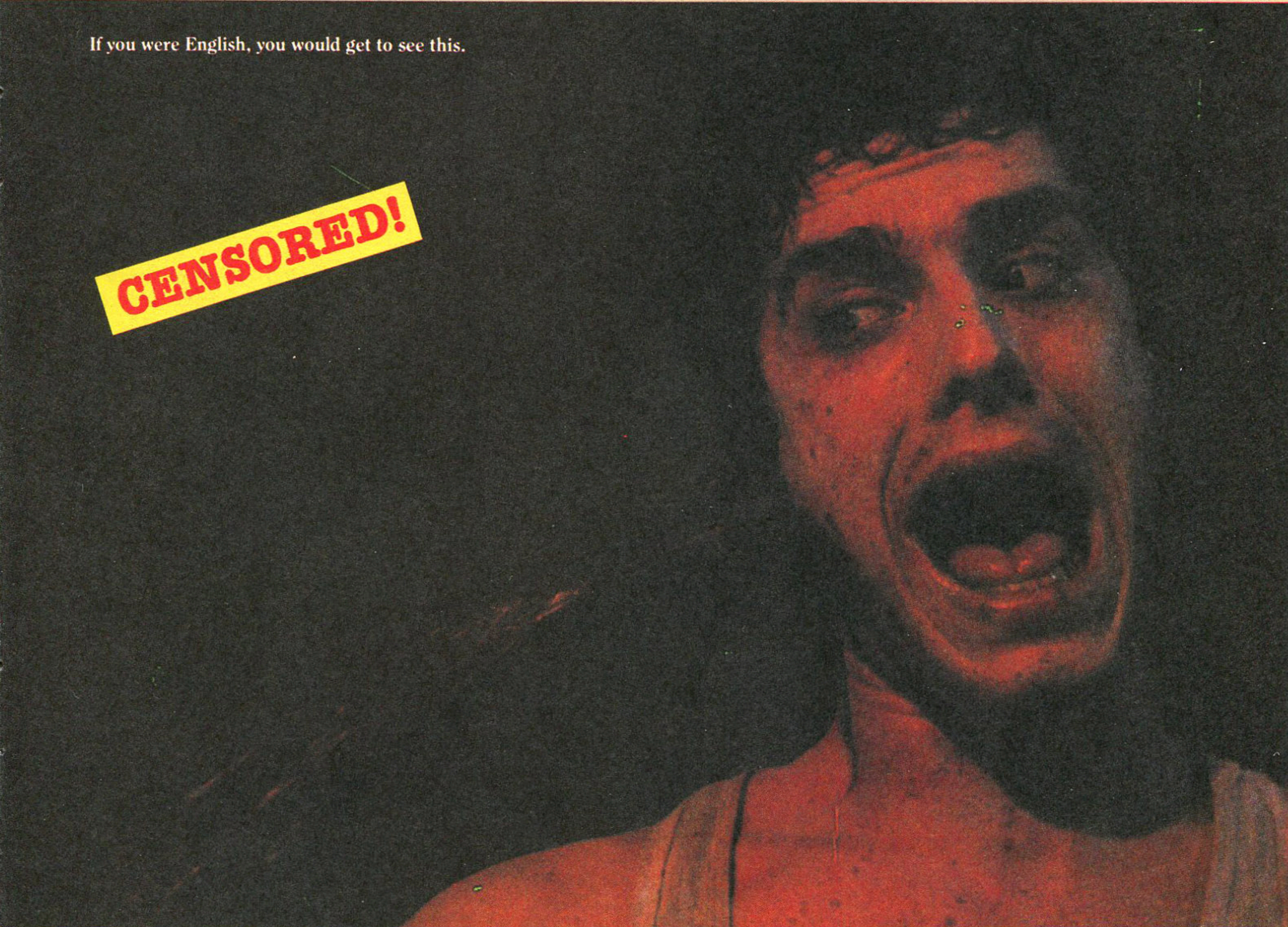
13 Ghosts is a B&W print struck for television. It really deserves to be restored and rereleased in its original two-color version. RCA/Columbia could ship Ghost Viewers to video stores, where customers could buy as many as they need when purchasing or renting.

If you can't find Goodtimes product on the shelves of your favorite record, drug or department store, the company invites you to con-

Viewers of *Not of This Earth* should notice some of the most transparent camouflage since the Bush campaign.

Photos: Copyright 1988 The Brain Damage Co.

If you were English, you would get to see this.



"So," asks Chris Lee, "are you going to tell me who retitled *Torture Chamber of Dr. Sadism*, or am I going to let Hugo here get his tattoo gun?"

Photo: Courtesy Bill George

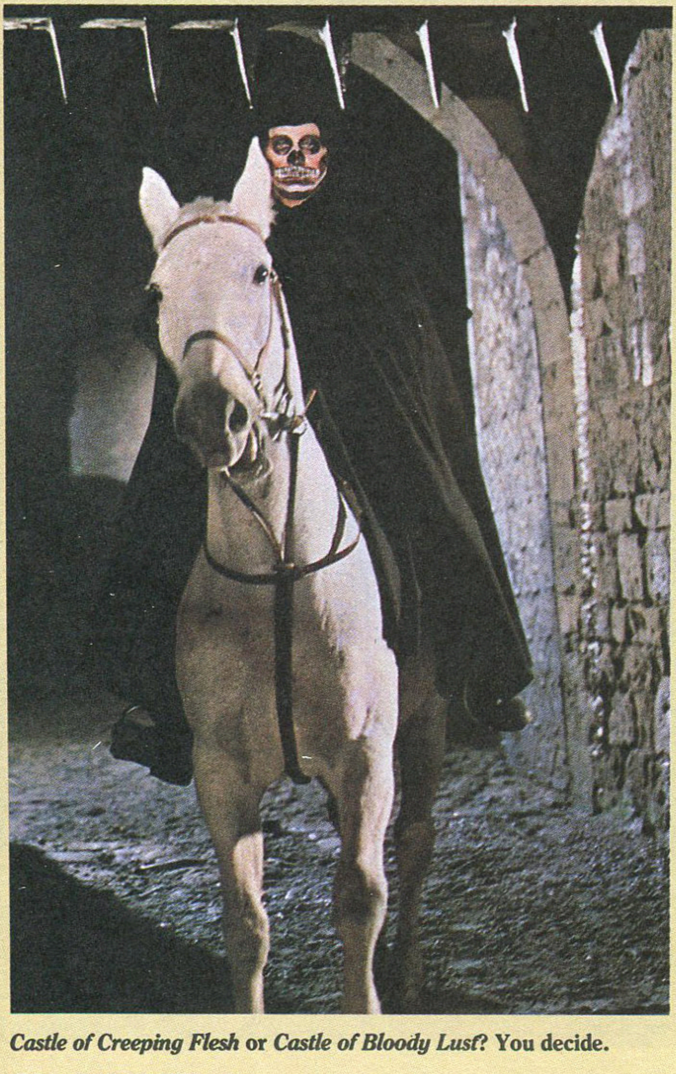


Photo: Courtesy Bill George

***Castle of Creeping Flesh* or *Castle of Bloody Lust*? You decide.**

tact their promotional director, Cathy Maunder, at (212) 889-0044—at your own expense, naturally. She can give you very specific directions to your nearest Goodtimes dealer.

YOU CAN'T JUDGE A TAPE BY ITS COVER

It's about time our irregular listing of retitled videotapes (original titles in parentheses) was updated, so here goes: *Behind the Cellar Door* (*Terror from Under the House*); *Blade of the Ripper* (*Next!*); *Bloody Friday* (*The Single Girls*); *Castle of the Walking Dead* (*Torture Chamber of Dr. Sadism*); *Class Reunion Massacre* (*The Redeemer*); *The Creepers* (*Assault*, a.k.a. *In the Devil's Garden*); *Day of the Maniac* (*They're Coming to Get You*); *Demon of the Lake* (*Creature from Black Lake*); *The Devil Walks at Midnight* (*The Devil's Nightmare*); *The Devil's Possessed* (*The Devil's Marshall*); *Die Sister Die* (*The Companion*); *Dynasty of Fear* (*Fear in the Night*); *Eerie Midnight Horror Show* (*The Tormented*); *Erotic Encounters of the Fourth Kind* (*Wham Bam Thank You Mr. Spaceman*); *Eyeball* (*The Devil's Eye*); *Gallery of Horror* (*Dr. Terror's Gallery of Horrors*, a.k.a. *Return from the Past*); *Gestapo's Last Orgy* (*Last Orgy of the Third Reich*); *The Graveyard* (*Terror of Sheba*, a.k.a. *Persecution*); *He Kills Night After Night After Night* (*Night After Night*); *House of Terror* (*Kidnapped Co-Ed*); *House on Straw Hill* (*Expose*, a.k.a. *Trauma*); *Human Beasts* (*The Carnival of the Beasts*); *The Jar* (*Carrion*); *Kiss Me-Kill Me* (*Baba Yaga*); *Living Nightmare* (*Nazi Love Camp 27*); *Love Thrill Murders* (*Sweet Saviour*); *The Manipulator* (*B.J. Lang Presents*); *Mansion of the Doomed* (*Eyes of Dr. Chaney*); *Model Massacre* (*Color Me Blood Red*); *Monster Hunter* (*Absurd*, a.k.a. *Anthropophagus II*); *Necromaniac* (*Graveyard of Horror*); *Nightmare Circus* (*Barn of the Naked Dead*); *The Possessed* (*Demon Witch Child*); *Scream and Die* (*The House that Vanished*); *Succubus* (*The Devil's Nightmare*); and *Till Death Do Us Part* (*The Blood-Splattered Bride*, minus all gore and nudity!).

Thanks to Zoltan Takacs and Tim Ferrante.

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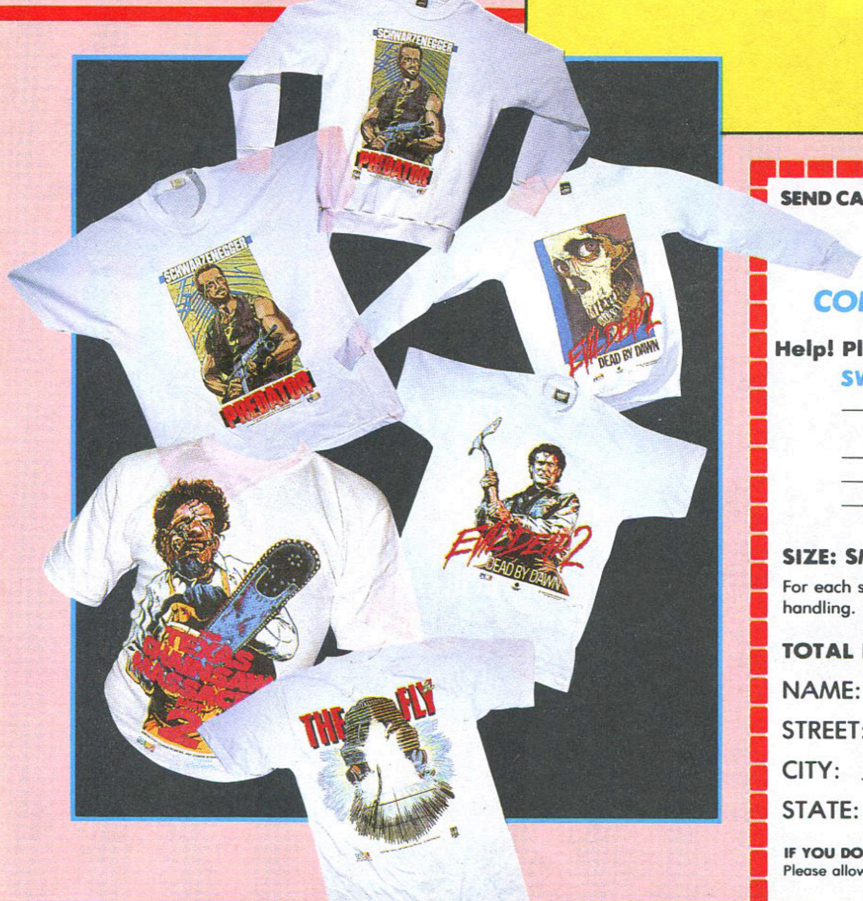
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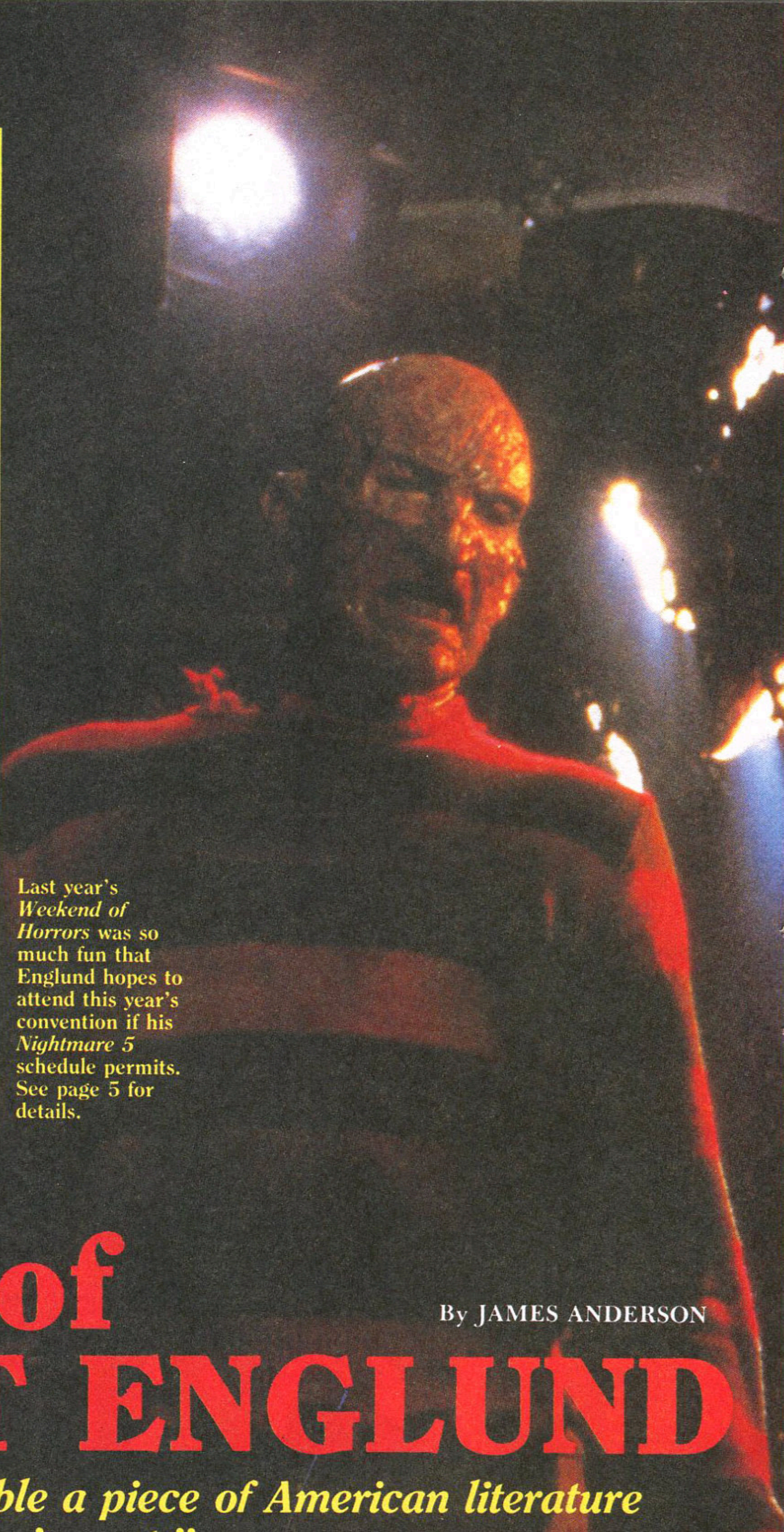
PROFILE

Last year's *Weekend of Horrors* was so much fun that Englund hopes to attend this year's convention if his *Nightmare 5* schedule permits. See page 5 for details.



The Dreams of ROBERT ENGLUND

By JAMES ANDERSON

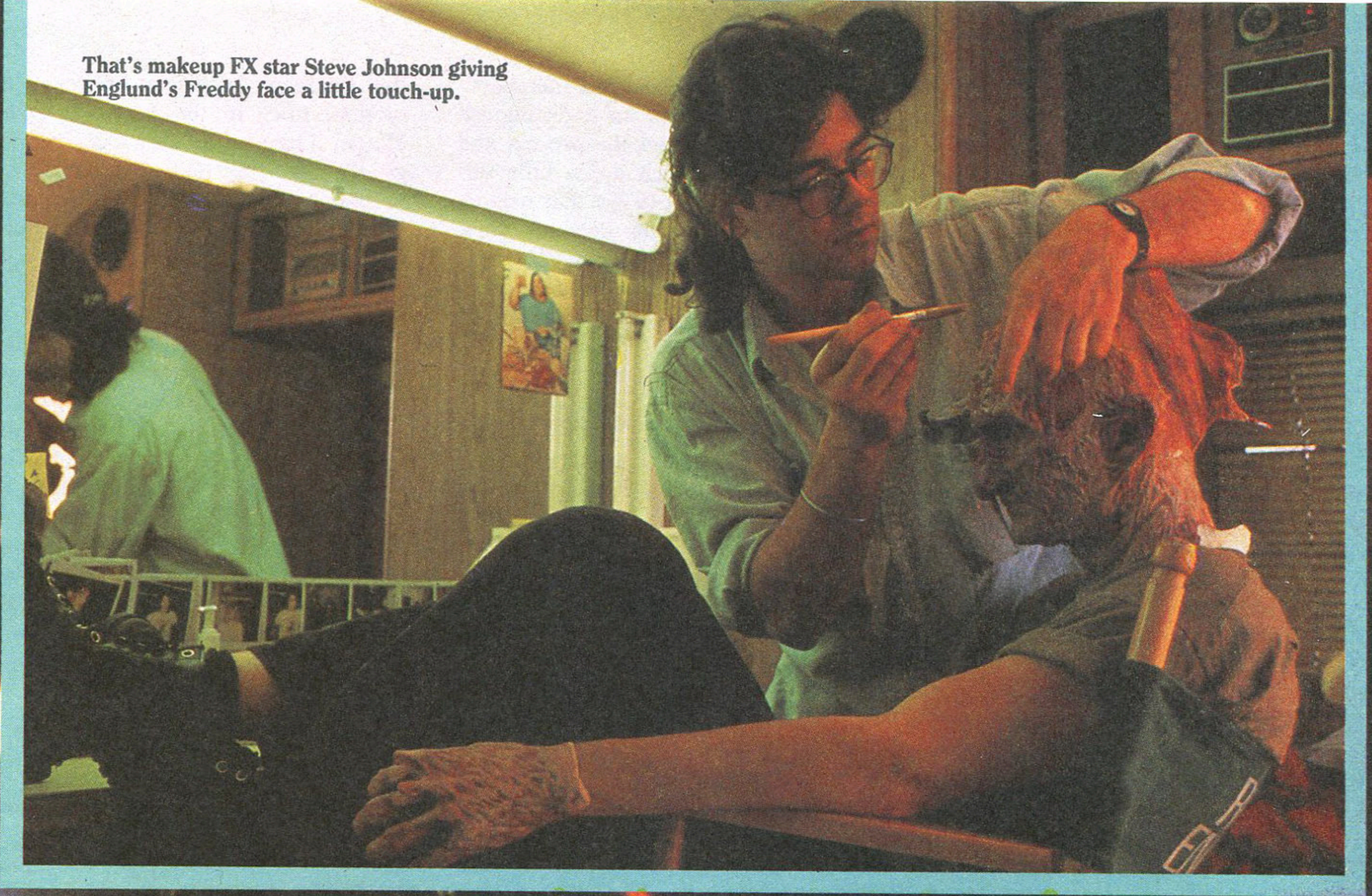
"[The horror film is] as viable a piece of American literature as we've got."

Freddy Krueger, as we all know by now, is really Robert Englund, a stage-trained actor who transforms into a nightmare through the magic of makeup. In addition to his recent directorial debut in 976-EVIL, *Englund will star in Cannon's adaptation of* The Phantom of the Opera, *directed by John (*American Gothic*) Hough, while his weekly* Freddy's Nightmares *television series prepares for a second-season assault (see FANGORIA #81).*

GOREZONE caught up with Robert Englund on Halloween weekend at Johnson & Wales University as he toured New England, frightening and entertaining college audiences with film clips, a slide show detailing the grueling three-hour process that transforms him into Freddy—and, of course, showing off Freddy's infamous glove.

GOREZONE: First of all, *Nightmare* fans want to hear about a fifth film.

ROBERT ENGLUND: I know I told everyone I was through after I did *Nightmare 3* because I was so exhausted after *3*, and I'm equally exhausted after *Nightmare 4*. I always wonder how we're going to top them. But when I decided to do the fourth film, I was contractually obligated to do a fifth. There was no way I could get around it, because I finally



That's makeup FX star Steve Johnson giving Englund's Freddy face a little touch-up.

had to ask for some big bucks. I hadn't made much money on the first three because I'd been starring on television in the series *Downtown*, and before that *V*. When you work on TV, it's very lucrative, and I didn't negotiate at all because that was my priority. So I finally had to negotiate pretty seriously for *Nightmare 4*, and in order to get paid well, I was obligated to do *Nightmare 5*. I just heard a week ago that we would be shooting or beginning principal photography sometime in April.

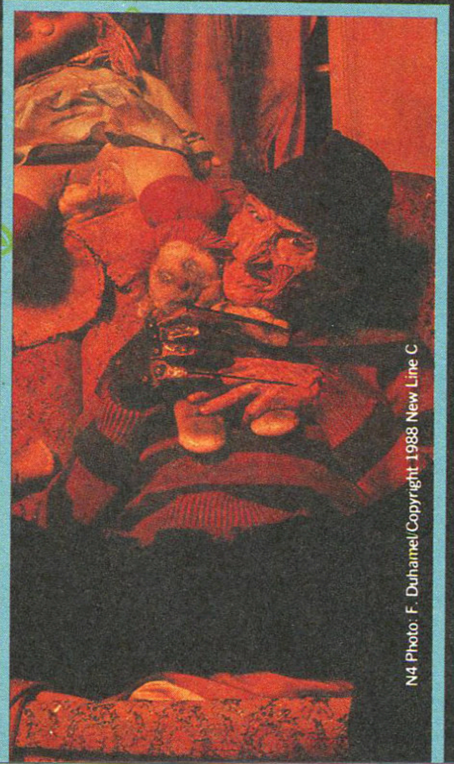
GZ: What is it that makes the character of Freddy so popular?

ENGLUND: Well, I think the movies are popular because they are, without using a bad pun, several cuts above the other films. We're *not* psychological horror; our movies take place in the fantasy world. They are, in fact, the nightmares, so they are located in this dreamscape, this arena of the fantastic. And that keeps the audiences—at least in my mind—more attentive, more on the edge of their seats, because they're looking for that moment when reality leaves and the dream state intrudes.

Freddy is a symbol. He's a symbol of all the evil in the world. He's a symbol of the corruption and the pollution that every new generation has faced since time began and will continue to face. He's also a symbol of the sins of the parents—not that parents are idiots or anything like that, but that if they grow weary of battling the evil in the world and they go on with their lives, then it's the children that inherit it.

Freddy is symbolically a child killer. He's killing the future because he has no place in it. Teenagers and kids pick up on that. They understand, even though they don't intellectualize it like I do. Down deep, they understand it, and so there's a sort of repulsion/love thing.

Despite comments to the contrary, the actor has no qualms about returning Freddy to his fearful roots in *Nightmare 5*.



N4 Photo: F. Duhamel/Copyright 1988 New Line C

There are the special effects, the dreamscape, and there's one other thing, and this is the director in me talking. I know that if you get an audience to laugh, it's easier to set them up and scare them again. If you just come at them with fear the whole time, there comes a point when you short out.

One of my favorite recent horror films—very underrated—is John Carpenter's remake of *The Thing*. It's a brilliant film uncut: all-star cast, phenomenal effects. But there comes a point in that motion picture where the characters are diminished and the terror has taken over. It's so unrelenting that you just can't be shocked anymore. In our films, I see where we can get the audience scared even with something that isn't a tremendous effect because we let them laugh. Freddy comes in with a wisecrack, takes them off guard, and the next minute a hand comes in from the side of the frame. We have a wonderful sense of pacing that really helps.

GZ: Almost like the gravedigger's scene in *Hamlet*.

ENGLUND: Exactly. If you pace that right, if you budget that out over 10 reels, it really works well.

GZ: Do you read many horror books or watch a lot of horror movies?

ENGLUND: I've read my share. I've fallen into this, but it's not what I do. My idea of a busman's holiday is a movie like *Tender Mercies*, not a horror film. That's not to say I don't enjoy horror films; the Carpenter film I just mentioned I am particularly fond of, and anything by Polanski in the genre is excellent work. On top of that, De Palma's *Sisters* is a terrific film, as well as others.

I've just directed one because of my status in the horror genre. It's not that it's not my cup of tea; I was there the first day to see *Dead Ringers*. It's just that I prefer another kind of movie. *Tender Mercies* or *Breaker Morant* are the kind of film I like the best and, if I had my druthers, I'd be directing or acting in. I have done my share of that kind of film. I've worked with Henry Fonda, Peter Strauss, Sally Field, Jeff Bridges, Arnold Schwarzenegger. I've done so-called A and B movies. I had an experience with three in a row early in my career [*Stay Hungry*, *Blood Brothers* and *Big Wednesday*] and none of them were hits. It had taken up three years of my life. I'd starred in all three and avoided television like the plague. I was a stage-trained actor. I made some big mistakes. I turned down *Kojak* and some other stuff because I didn't want to do television. Then, strangely enough, *V* was my first big—well, not necessarily economic success, but the first time people really knew who I was, the first time people really put the name Robert Englund to my face. And that's a show I traditionally would not have tuned in to, although I would love to report to work on that show tomorrow because I loved the character and my fellow cast members.

So it's really easy for me to distinguish between the work and the process and my own tastes, which are a little different. But that's not to say that I didn't check out *Hellraiser* on opening night because I was directing *976-EVIL* and I wanted to see what Clive Barker was up to, and that's not to say that I didn't want to see *Dead Ringers*.

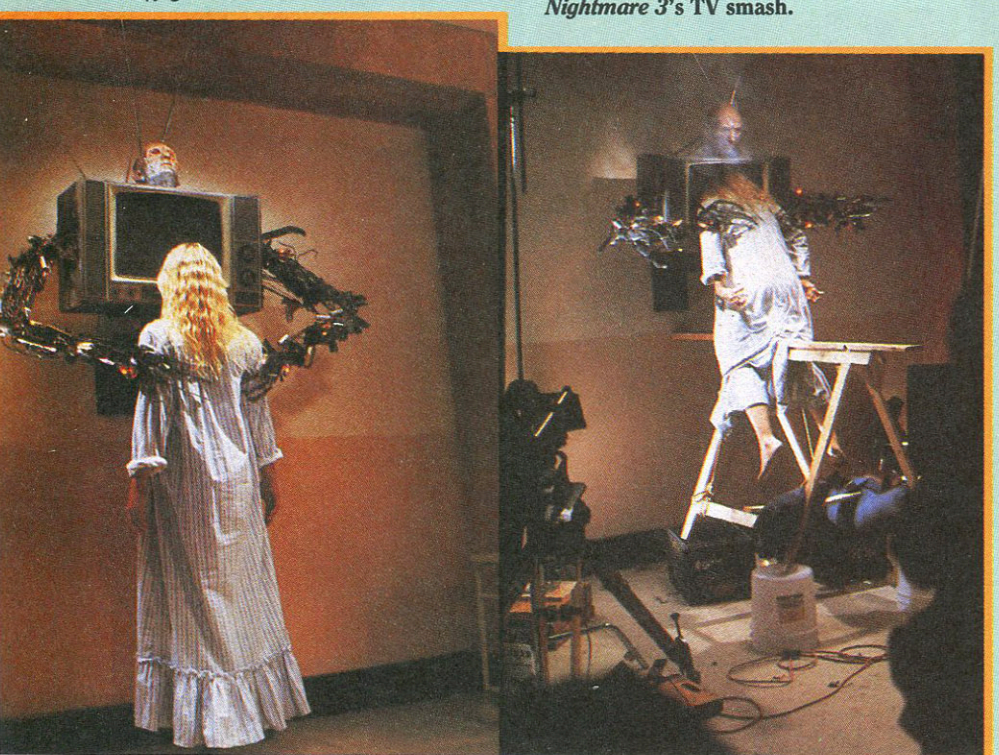
GZ: Do you miss doing mainstream films?

ENGLUND: Not really. I'm very lucky. Had Freddy hit any time earlier in my career, I'd be up the creek without a paddle, but now I've got over 40 guest star credits on television. I've got three television series under my belt, I was nominated for an Emmy for two of them, and I've done 12 prestigious TV movies. I'm proud of all my TV movie work.

I've done 35 feature films; four of those are the Freddy movies, but 31 of them are mine. So not only does Hollywood respect me as a veteran character actor, but now with the success of Freddy, my *Nightmare* and my *V* fans catch up with my career in hindsight. Now they see Robert Englund in *TV Guide* or on *Charlie's Angels* or on *Baretta* or on a TV movie with Henry Fonda, Barbra Streisand, Burt Reynolds or somebody. They tune it in to see me throw Charles Bronson down an elevator shaft [*St. Ives*].

So I'm real lucky. I had to turn down a recurring role on *Moonlighting*, had a terrific movie offered in Australia, and I'm going to be doing *Phantom of the Opera*. This is not the musical, but it is the Phantom in terms of being the original story in the Budapest Opera House. That's in the horror genre, but I get the girl in the end, more or less.

FX Photo: Copyright 1986 Mark Shostrom Studios



Englund's favorite Kruegerisms include *Nightmare 3*'s TV smash.

Freddy came at just the right time. I've had friends who have had big bouts with fame before. Some of them have handled it better than others. I remember when Mark Hamill got stuck doing *Eight is Enough* and he already had *Star Wars* in the can. Because Mark was a subscriber to *Famous Monsters* and everything, he was one of the few people who knew it was going to be the hit that it was. He did everything he could to get out of *Eight is Enough*. He was pretty miserable. Then he kind of felt trapped in *Star Wars*. He got some very sage advice from Mel Brooks, who told him, "When you're on the merry-go-round, you do not get off until the merry-go-round stops."

I remembered all of Mark's problems very well. I witnessed that time in his life, and it was a very valuable lesson to me. I'm thankful that my ascendancy was slower and more gradual. I'm able to have a big time with it now, to laugh at it, laugh with it, enjoy it, take it with a grain of salt. I hope that the security it provides me will allow me to do some creative endeavors down the line a bit, in terms of optioning stuff or directing or just picking and choosing a little more carefully as an actor from now on.

GZ: Which of the *Nightmare* movies do you like the best? Do you have a favorite scene in particular?

ENGLUND: I like the first one as a primitive classic. *King Kong* is primitive, but you could not do that movie any better than it was originally done, just like you could not improve on *Gone With the Wind*. And *King Kong* is something wonderful and folk-artish.

Nightmare 4 I love because of the wonderful surreal camera work. My favorite sequence of any film, possibly, is either the TV sequence in *Nightmare 3*—"Welcome to prime time, bitch"—or perhaps the *Nightmare 4* sequence that I'm not even in, where the Kristen character is trying to find her amphetamines so she can stay awake in her bedroom and the camera swirls and swirls right down to her. It's an incredible piece of filmmaking for any movie, let alone a low-budget horror movie.

And our movies *are* still low-budget. People forget, because they tend to think of "B" meaning B as in a grade, but B films stand for budget. That just meant it was the second half of the bill. It didn't have as much money spent on it. I've worked about even-steven in A movies

> "I'm very lucky. Had Freddy hit any time earlier in my career, I'd be up the creek without a paddle."

Nightmare 4's Brooke Theiss bugs out.

Photo: Copyright 1988 Lorimar

"Who, me? The rage of syndicated television?" giggles his Freddiness with undue modesty.

N4 Photo: Gary Farr/Copyright 1988 New Line Cinema

Fred Photo: Michelle Singer

and in B movies as well as TV movies and series. There's no insult to working on low-budget movies, let me tell you. The longer you work with them, the more you realize how much harder they are and how much more you put on the screen. If you realize that *Nightmare 4* cost $5.5 million and *Poltergeist* cost $35 million, you tell me if you think *Poltergeist* is $30 million better than *Nightmare on Elm Street 4*. For $30 million, you can make *five* movies!

GZ: Is there any move to bring Wes Craven back for *Nightmare 5*?

ENGLUND: There always is. Whatever problems Wes and New Line have are none of my business. Wes tends to forget that a lot of the Freddy character that he's not so crazy about now—and it may or may not be exploited too much, anybody's entitled to that opinion—he was responsible for because he encouraged that improvisation from me as far back as the first film. A great deal of that didn't make the movie, but what did make the movie the audiences loved, and it was increased in the later movies.

I'd love to have Wes back. I wouldn't mind making a real scary one again, although I'm proud that we've logically moved in the direction of special effects instead of graphic violence and gore. Even though I'm proud of the fear quotient, the logic of a movie series called *A Nightmare on Elm Street* is to pursue the special effects, to exploit the nightmare surrealism and the Freudian/Jungian effects, symbolic and otherwise, that you find in the dream. Not everything we dream is gory or death-ridden; most of what we dream is exaggerated and strange and fantastic.

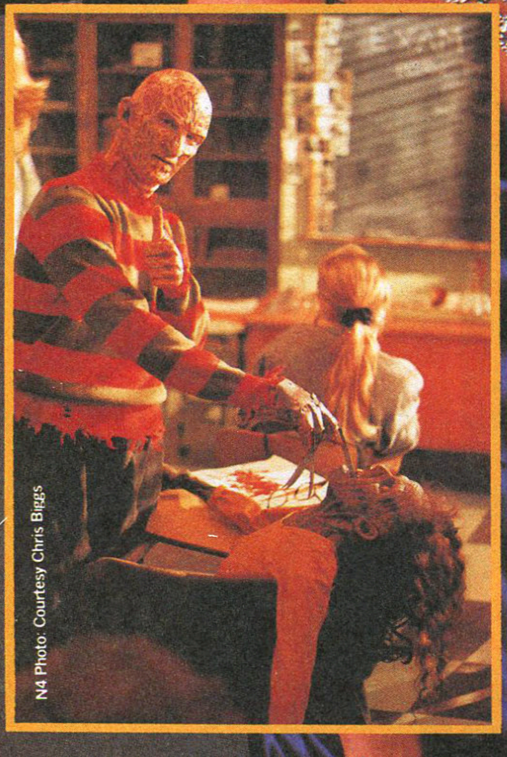
That's why I get upset when critics say we're making the first film again. They still think it's stab, stab, scream, scream, die fat piggy and attract bugs, you know? We're not making that movie any more. We're on a rollercoaster ride. People pay six bucks and the movie starts and never stops. It's an E ticket, as we say on the West Coast. I'm rather proud of that.

Also, we get all of our money on the screen. A movie like John Huston's *The Man Who Would be King* cost $7 million. It looks like a $50 million movie. And you see some other movies—a movie like *The Blob* [remake] cost $35 million, and, boy, I don't see the money.

GZ: Do you feel that the horror film is a viable artistic form?

ENGLUND: Well, I'll tell you, it's never been high on my list, although I respect it. The Parisians just think it's the bee's knees. It's like rock 'n' roll; they can't do it, so it must be art. It's as viable a piece of American literature as we've got. The Western, the horror movie, the love story—it's just one of those classic ingredients, and it's a very valid form. If you went out right now and picked 25 of the best horror movies made in this century and put them in a touring show all over America, you'd make more money than you could make in the rest of your life, provided you picked the right ones. Imagine seeing a double bill of *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Exorcist*! Those are two great movies—not good movies, *great* movies. And I'm proud to be a footnote in that genre.

Now that Heather Langenkamp has ditched the *Nightmare* opus to become the new Meryl Streep, the gloved one needs a new main squeeze. Any volunteers?

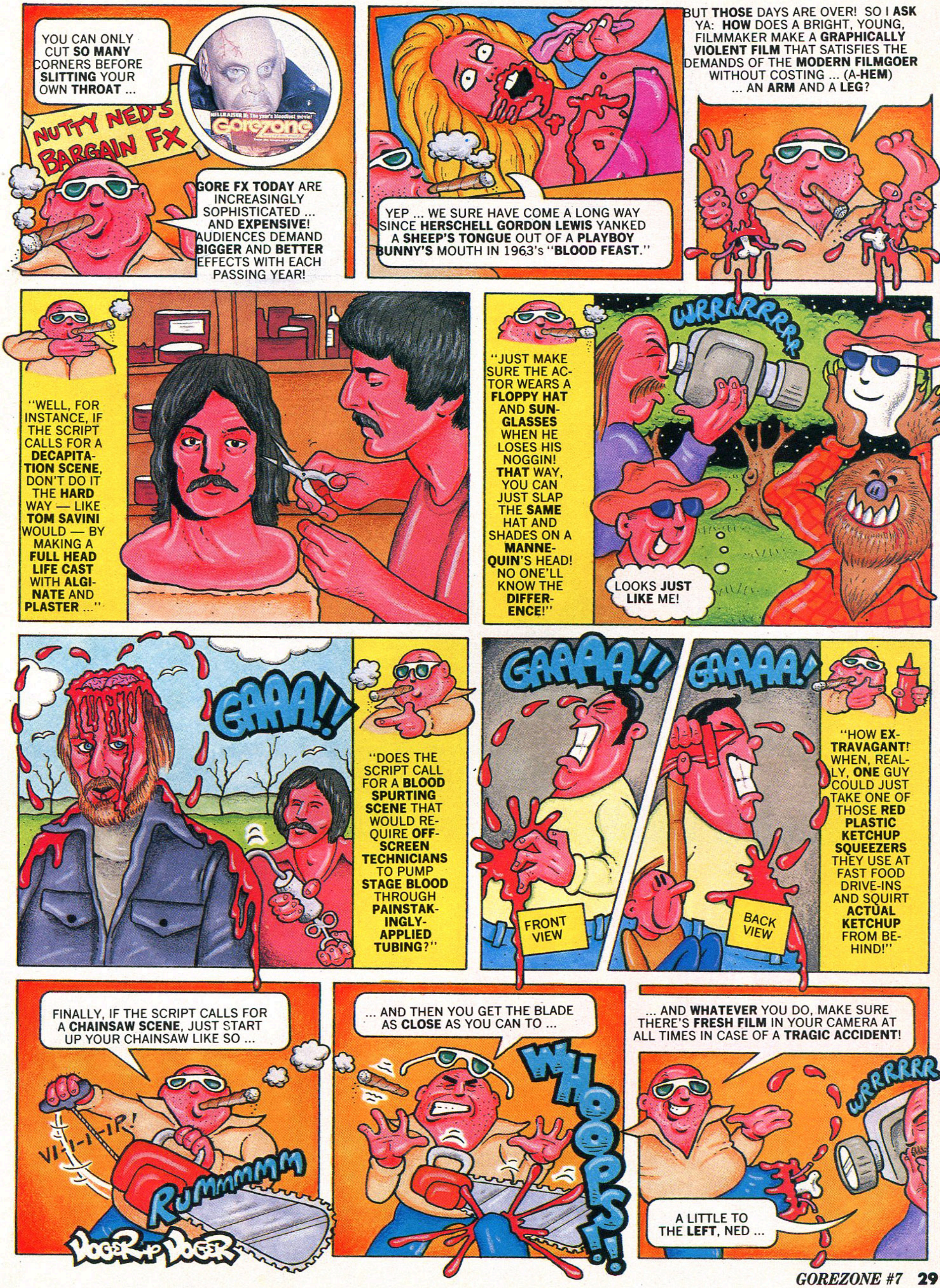


N4 Photo: Courtesy Chris Biggs

A misunderstanding kept Freddy's public service announcement off the air. Krueger thought he was supposed to *support* teenage smoking.

TOR'S GORETOONS

THE POOR MAN'S TOM SAVINI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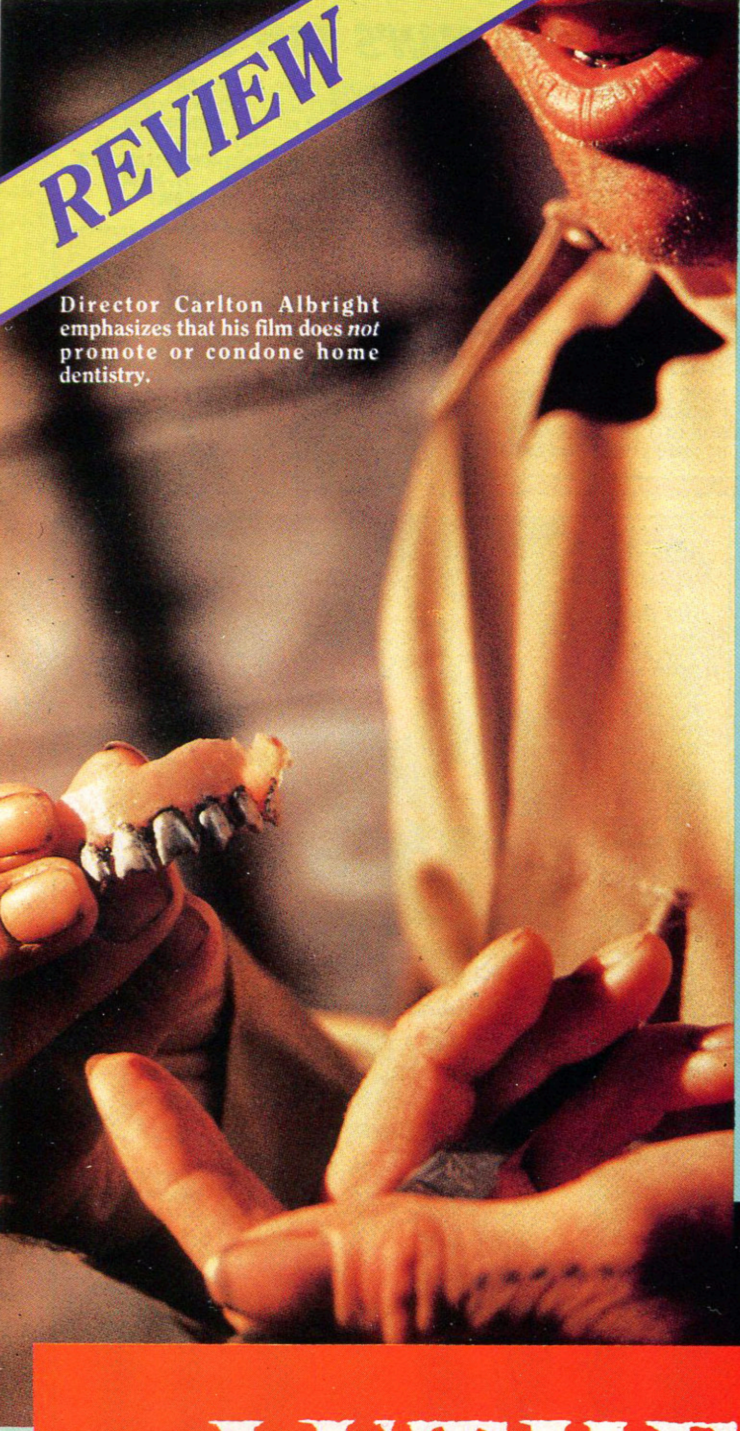
BUT THOSE DAYS ARE OVER! SO I ASK YA: HOW DOES A BRIGHT, YOUNG, FILMMAKER MAKE A GRAPHICALLY VIOLENT FILM THAT SATISFIES THE DEMANDS OF THE MODERN FILMGOER WITHOUT COSTING ... (A-HEM) ... AN ARM AND A LEG?
"WELL, FOR INSTANCE, IF THE SCRIPT CALLS FOR A DECAPITATION SCENE, DON'T DO IT THE HARD WAY — LIKE TOM SAVINI WOULD — BY MAKING A FULL HEAD LIFE CAST WITH ALGINATE AND PLASTER ..."
"JUST MAKE SURE THE ACTOR WEARS A FLOPPY HAT AND SUNGLASSES WHEN HE LOSES HIS NOGGIN! THAT WAY, YOU CAN JUST SLAP THE SAME HAT AND SHADES ON A MANNEQUIN'S HEAD! NO ONE'LL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!"
WRRRRRRRR
LOOKS JUST LIKE ME!
GAAA!!
"DOES THE SCRIPT CALL FOR A BLOOD SPURTING SCENE THAT WOULD REQUIRE OFF-SCREEN TECHNICIANS TO PUMP STAGE BLOOD THROUGH PAINSTAKINGLY-APPLIED TUBING?"
GAAAA!!
FRONT VIEW
GAAAA!
BACK VIEW
"HOW EXTRAVAGANT! WHEN, REALLY, ONE GUY COULD JUST TAKE ONE OF THOSE RED PLASTIC KETCHUP SQUEEZERS THEY USE AT FAST FOOD DRIVE-INS AND SQUIRT ACTUAL KETCHUP FROM BEHIND!"
FINALLY, IF THE SCRIPT CALLS FOR A CHAINSAW SCENE, JUST START UP YOUR CHAINSAW LIKE SO ...
VI-I-I-IP!
RUMMMMM
DOGER-DOGER
... AND THEN YOU GET THE BLADE AS CLOSE AS YOU CAN TO ...
WHOOPS!!
... AND WHATEVER YOU DO, MAKE SURE THERE'S FRESH FILM IN YOUR CAMERA AT ALL TIMES IN CASE OF A TRAGIC ACCIDENT!
WRRRRR
A LITTLE TO THE LEFT, NED ...

REVIEW



Director Carlton Albright emphasizes that his film does *not* promote or condone home dentistry.

LUTHER

the GEEK

By DOUG BROD

> *". . . could well be the most memorable and disturbing white-trash killer since Leatherface."*

Luther Photos: Lance Norris

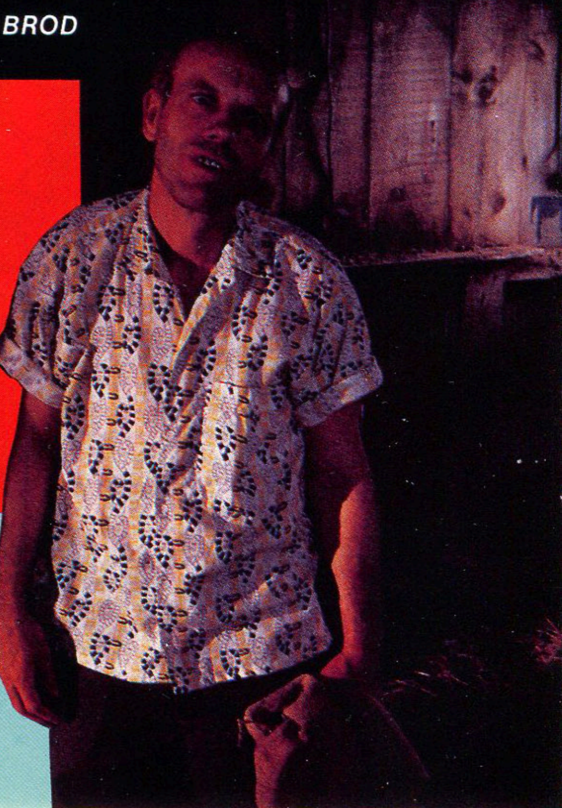
I remember seeing writer/producer Carlton J. Albright's *The Children* twice in the early '80s—once on its maiden theatrical voyage, and again on a double bill with Antonio Margheriti's *Cannibals in the Streets*. Alone, the picture was pretty lame, irredeemably silly and non-spooky tripe about a busload of schoolkids who ride into a toxic cloud and emerge as pasty-faced zombie types with black fingernails. The kicker was that in order to destroy them, you had to hack off their hands. When paired with Margheriti's unrelenting flesh-chomping saga, *The Children* showed its true colors. I figured that deep down in his heart, Albright *had* to be making a comedy, 'cause, well, I laughed at it. A lot.

Luther the Geek, Albright's directorial debut, has a good deal in common with *The Children*. It's similarly well-made—for a regional low-budgeter, that is. A curious blend of professional and (obviously) nonprofessional actors populate the screen with (obviously) varying degrees of competence. And *Luther the Geek* is likewise off-the-wall, leaving an impression after the movie's over that is more interesting than what actually unfolds on screen.

The movie opens in rural Illinois in 1938, with a group of drunkards descending upon a barn to taunt a caged circus geek (Tom Brittingham). The pathetic freak responds to their haranguing by chewing off a chicken's head (in a fairly lifelike closeup—more on that later), while a young and unquestionably impressionable boy (the director's son) watches transfixed. After the kid is knocked to the ground by some anxious onlookers and loses several teeth, he mimics the geek's action by licking at his own blood.

When this prologue ends, we're informed in a lengthy and needlessly talky parole board scene that the boy has grown up to be a heinous criminal, with a rap sheet longer than the men's room line at a Lita Ford concert. After apparently conning the authorities into believing that he is rehabilitated, Luther (who by now has replaced his missing teeth with crude, strong gunmetal choppers) is granted parole. And wouldn't you know it? As soon as he's released, he's scarfing down raw eggs

Don't say "geek" when you mean "nerd." It upsets Luther.



in a supermarket (a sick/funny highlight) and killing an unconvincing "elderly" woman waiting for a bus.

The major chunk of the movie begins when Luther sneaks into a woman shopper's car and is transported to her farmhouse. Once there, the flick becomes an odd stalkerama—odd because all of the ensuing action takes place on the farm, in what feels like real time, with just five characters. This intimacy is a real plus for the movie; with the exception of a few brief outdoor excursions, Albright places the action within the house or in the mazelike chicken coop. The setting is also conducive to the loudly clucking Luther to go on his cruel and inevitable rampage, tying up and tormenting middle-aged Mom (Joan Roth), and later attacking her daughter Beth (Stacy Haiduk) and the young one's boyfriend, Rob (Tom Mills).

As in most movies of this ilk, the killer's got a gimmick (yeah, even besides the metal teeth and clucking vocabulary): Luther, as his appellation promises, likes biting into necks—human, chicken, whatever. And Albright is not shy about showing Luther's culinary predilection. In loving, graphic detail, we see Luther tearing into flesh and pulling out veins and such. It's the chicken-chewing scenes that are creepy, though. Since I don't recall seeing any disclaimer in the credits about the treatment of animals in the movie, I don't know if those *very* real-looking scenes of fowl play were, indeed, real. If not, to paraphrase Jeffrey Lyons' appraisal of Bette Midler in his review of *Beaches*, "They can save everyone a lot of trouble by sending the Oscar right over to the makeup artists today." The other uncredited FX are, well, quite effective, especially a lingering shot of a very messy open chest cavity.

The introduction of the busty daughter and her goofy beau into the proceedings offers Albright the chance to submit to yet another genre convention: adding a necessary (to this reviewer, at least) gratuitous shower scene. Of course, it contributes not a whit to the plot fabric, but so what? Haiduk, now a regular as Lana Lang on *Superboy*, can't act—witness her reaction to her mom's predicament and a later discussion with a visiting police officer—but she sure is an eyeful.

The last 15 or so minutes of the movie are actually one long stalk sequence, tense for about three minutes but soon becoming tedious and downright dull, with enough red herrings to fill a Russian fish store. This sequence, as does the movie itself, culminates in one of those ridiculous but indelible images that become the source of much derisive laughter once the theater lights go on. It reminded me of the final scene in *The Children*, in which a mother nurses an infant, who, we're shown, has black fingernails.

To be fair, a good portion of the movie is sort of nerve-jangling—like Luther's escapades in the house, for example. And Edward Terry as the drooling, maniacal Luther is a real find. He believably fleshes out a character who could well be the most memorable and disturbing white-trash killer since Leatherface.

Luther the Geek is currently searching for a distributor and undergoing further cutting to improve its pacing. As it stands, *Luther the Geek* is something other than the standard slasher fare, but with a little more care and some liberal editing, it could've been *something else.*

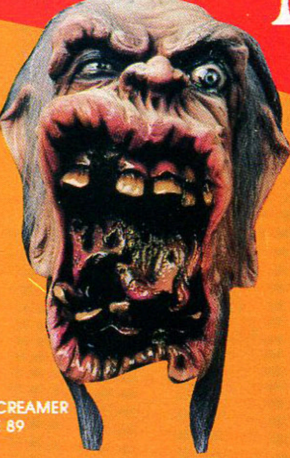
This lady learns a valuable lesson about unreliable dating services.

Another heroic teen boyfriend bites the dust.

the stuff

Nightmares

are made of. . . .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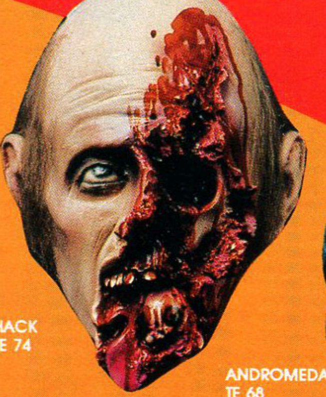
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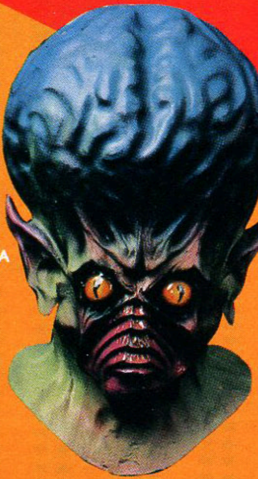
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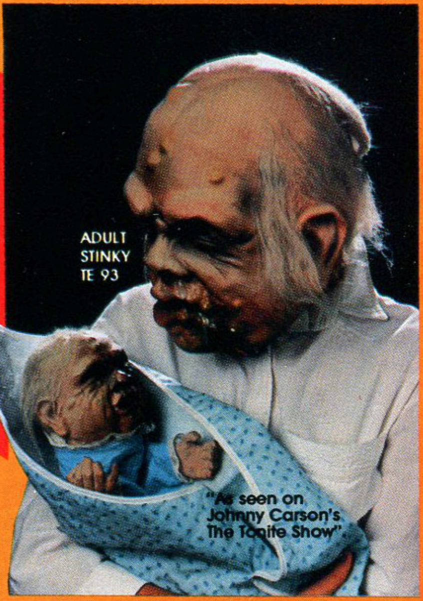

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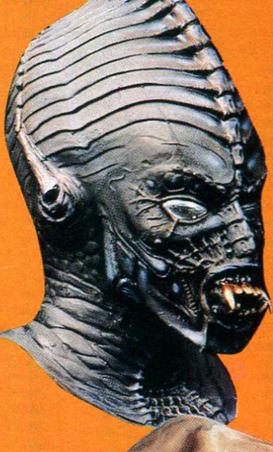

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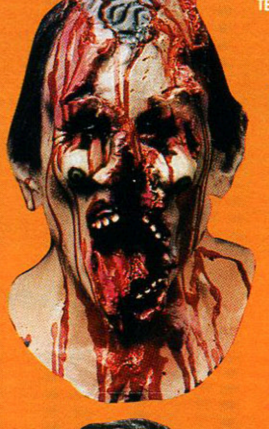

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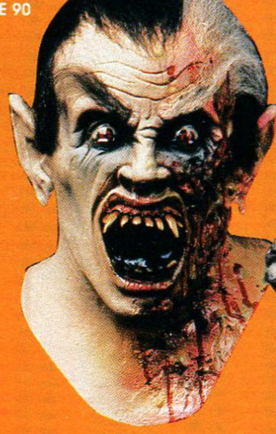

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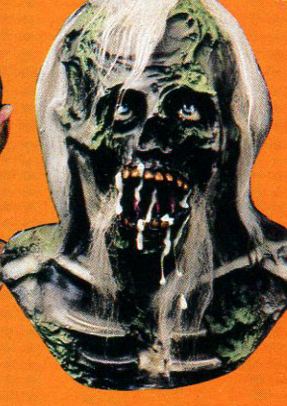

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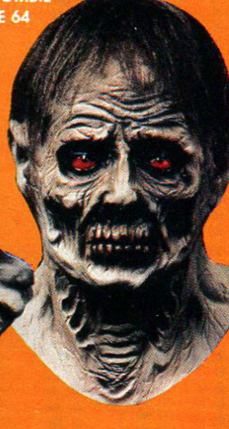

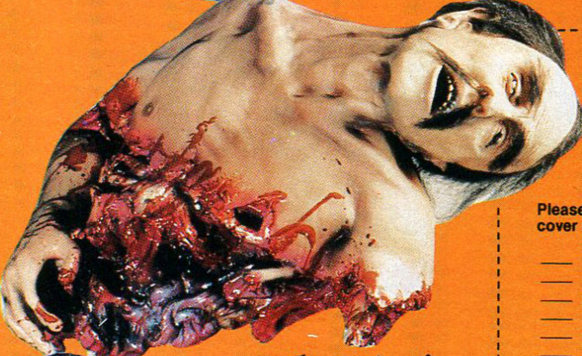

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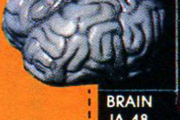
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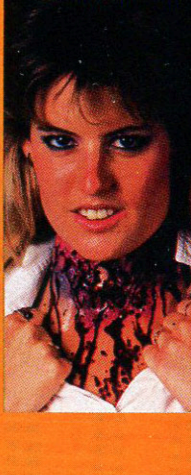
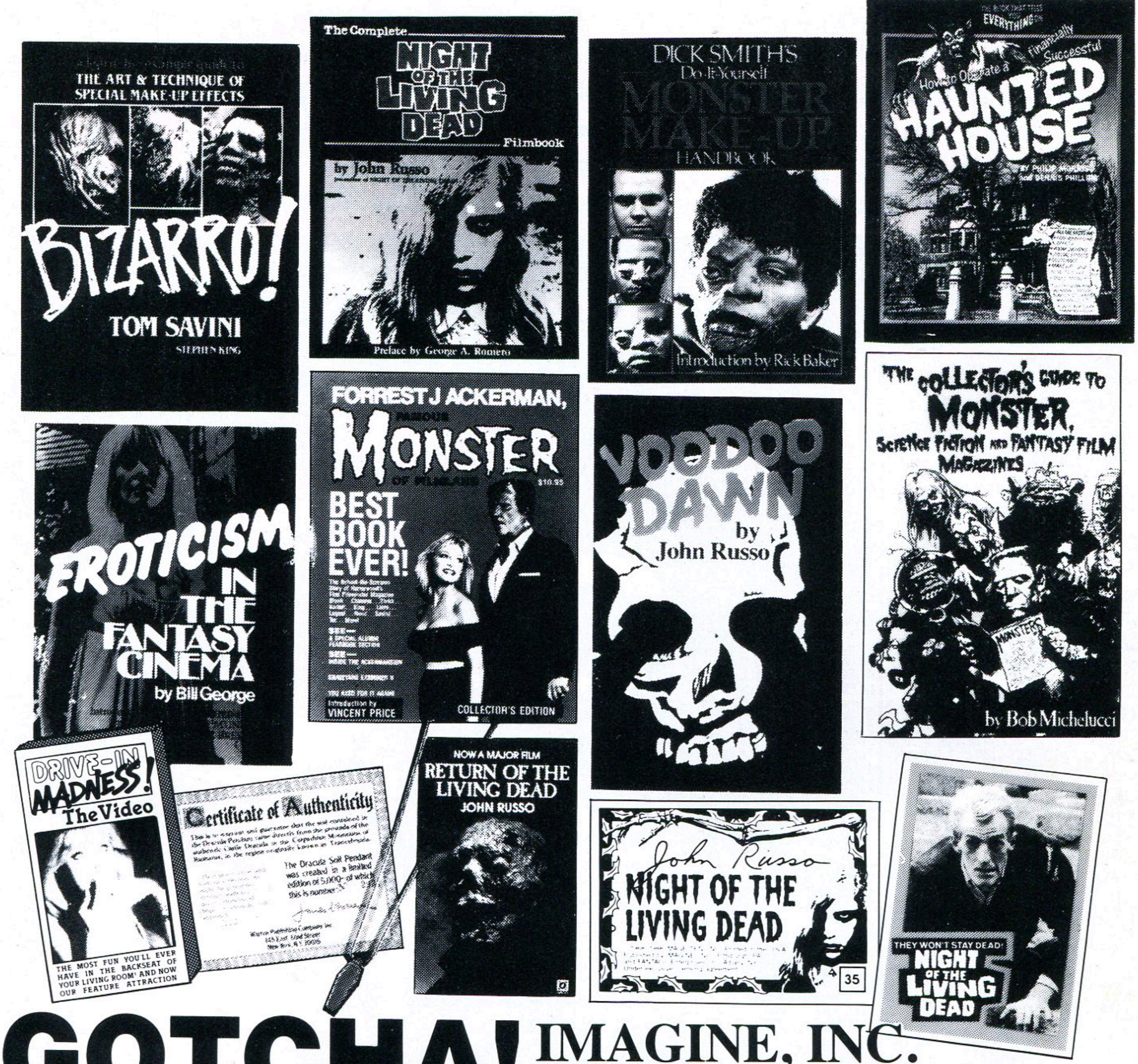


*SYNGENOR ©Scared To Death, Bill Malone Productions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PIECE O' MIND

by Chas. Balun

The Guts and the Glory

There's no denying that special FX makeup technology has helped redefine the contemporary horror scene, much like the electric guitar recharged rock 'n' roll in the '60s. Early electric guitarists added a different kind of edge to things; the amped-up new sound acted as a propellant, a catalyst to keep the music fresh, exciting, raw, rude, moving. And it got ya dancing.

Perhaps it's stretching the metaphor a bit much to suggest that FX in a splatter film act in the same capacity as the biting, fuzztone guitar solo in Hendrix's "Purple Haze" or Keith Richards' chordal crunch in "Jumpin' Jack Flash," but the comparison is nonetheless viable. We like high octane rock for many of the same reasons we like gory and brainless shock films; to wit, "Forget art, let's dance!"

I learned a valuable lesson last year when I participated in the "Video Violence" segment on ABC's *20/20*. It helped bring me to my senses. Despite spending eight hours being interviewed and filmed, I watched the 13-year-olds get all the best lines. They knew what they liked and why they liked it, and they appeared to be having one hell of a good time. On the other hand, I was the one trying to pontificate in my most strained, professional manner on the whys and wherefores of people's attraction to blood 'n' guts, a lot like the guy who explains the appeal of the Beatles' "Day Tripper" by its irresistible hypomixolydian pentatonic scale. Get real, man. "It's only rock 'n' roll but I like it," says Jagger. OK by me.

So instead of attempting a scholarly dissection of the last decade in hopes of uncovering and needlessly labelling trends, techniques and future directions of FX technology, let's pry beneath the surface just a bit and dig up some of the "guilty pleasures." As you'll see, I don't always like what's good for me. The not-so-guilty but very pleasurable moments I've selected for your consideration are not to be compared alongside more serious and pedantic work in this and other publications. This is my "bad Chas." side. This

In the age of $20 million FX epics, let's not forget the miracles that Tom Sullivan pulled off for a fraction of that.

stuff may be biased, ignorant, inflammatory or deliberately gratuitous, but what the hell, it *rocks*.

For clarity's sake, you'll find few, if any, of the big-budget splatter spectacles like *The Blob* (1988) or *The Thing* (1982) listed. They've been championed enough. They've become the Bon Jovis and Springsteens of splatter cinema. We need to dig a bit deeper than that to unearth the bad boys, the ones who substitute imagination, passion and, yes, rude disregard in order to capture your attention. The clumsy, freshman-level FX work in *The Evil Dead* (1983) had just as much impact on the horror scene as did the sophisticated techno-artistry of Carpenter's *The Thing*. Maybe even more so; the crudity and unselfconscious nature of *The Evil Dead* FX still jettisoned the film along at a frenzied pace, while in *The Thing*, the film itself stopped cold while you gawked and wondered, "How the hell did they do that?"

Here, then, is the flip side, the underbelly of makeup FX, the scenes that have established contemporary splatter in our lifetime. I can share these private things with you, *mes petite* GoreZonians, because it's you and *only* you who'll understand. Let me present the categories and the meaty moments that have led us astray. And, of course, expect no apology.

Photo: Courtesy Bill George

Savini's Cropsy and a *Don't Go in the House* victim compete in our Burned & Beautiful Contest.

In *The Tempter*, our plucky possessee barfs some chunky gruel into her hand and makes the kneeling priest lick it up.

MOST UNDERAPPRECIATED FX TALENT

Gianetto De Rossi. Easily. For the money, nobody slices throats, scalps, torsos and nipples better than this guy. He's kinda the Earl Scheib of the splatter world. "I'll slaughter anyone, anytime, for $79.95 or less." His best stuff: the crucifixion scene and the two righteous eye removals in Fulci's *The Beyond* (1981), drilling for brains and gut-barf bonanza in *Gates of Hell* (1980), and the eyeball skewering in both *Zombie* (1979) and *Burial Ground* (1980). Let me buy you a beer, Gino, anytime, anywhere.

BEST EXPLODING TORSO IN A DRAMATIC CONTEXT

Though De Palma's *The Fury* (1978) and Luigi Cozzi's *Alien Contamination* (1980) come close, nothing could possibly match the tons o' chunks shower in Jim Muro's *Street Trash* (1987). *Nothin'!*

BEST USE OF A CRISPY CRITTER, B.F. (BEFORE FREDDY)

Nominees: the smokin' Daddy-O who gets crucified on a cactus in Craven's *The Hills Have Eyes* (1977), "Cropsy" in *The Burning* (1981), the supporting cast of *Don't Go in the House* (1980), and the flaming photographer from *Dead and Buried* (1981).

Winner: the fried guy in *Dead and Buried*, because he goes that extra mile—he survives his burns only to get a fatal hypodermic shoved into his one remaining eye.

MOST ~~DRAMATIC~~ USE OF ARTERIAL SPRAY

Now, here's a tough one. The finalists would have to

All for the love of a pig.

Photo: Nelson Entertainment

include the freshly dismembered gal in Argento's *Tenebrae* (1982) who paints the wall with her stump, any of the 116 victims of *Shogun Assassin* (1981), and the porter in *Dr. Butcher, M.D.* (1980) who does lunch with the cannibals.

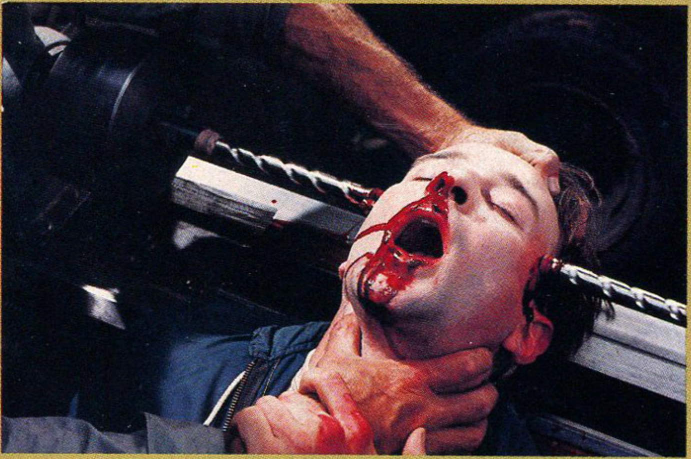
Winner: Have to give the nod to *Dr. Butcher* for also incorporating multiple impalement, throat slitting and disembowelment within a 30-second framework. The fact that the cannibals gleefully fight amongst themselves to bathe in the throat gusher was likewise a determining point in its favor.

CONTEMPORARY CANINE CARNAGE

Again, not so easy. *The Thing* aside, this race was snout-to-snout right up to the end. Worthy entrants include *Dracula's Dog* (1977), *Cujo* (1983), the throat-biting beasts of *Suspiria* (1976) and *The Beyond* (1981), *The Omen* (1976), *Rottweiler* (1983), Sam Fuller's *White Dog* (1982) and *The Pack* (1977).

Sentimental Favorite: The big, thirsty German shepherd taking nourishment at the exposed jugular of the gutted cop in *The Hitcher* (1986) for its profound anti-fascist, anti-authoritarian stance.

Winner(s): The courageous little non-union mutts who had to wear those dinky, full-body rat suits and run around in the sewers in *Deadly Eyes* (1982).



Gianetto (*Gates of Hell*) De Rossi's cerebral FX earned him the monicker of the Italian Savini. Now how 'bout a little recognition?

Photo: Courtesy Eric Caidin

MOST BLASPHEMOUS USE OF A BODILY DISCHARGE

That would have to be Alberto de Martino's *The Tempter* (a.k.a. *The Anti-Christ*, 1974) for going *The Exorcist*'s (1973) pea soup vomit gag a kilometer further. Here, our plucky possessee barfs some chunky gruel into her hand and makes the kneeling, supplicating parish priest lick it up. A special treat for vindictive, angst-ridden ex-Catholics.

MOST SENSITIVE USE OF BARNYARD ANIMALS IN A SUPPORTING ROLE

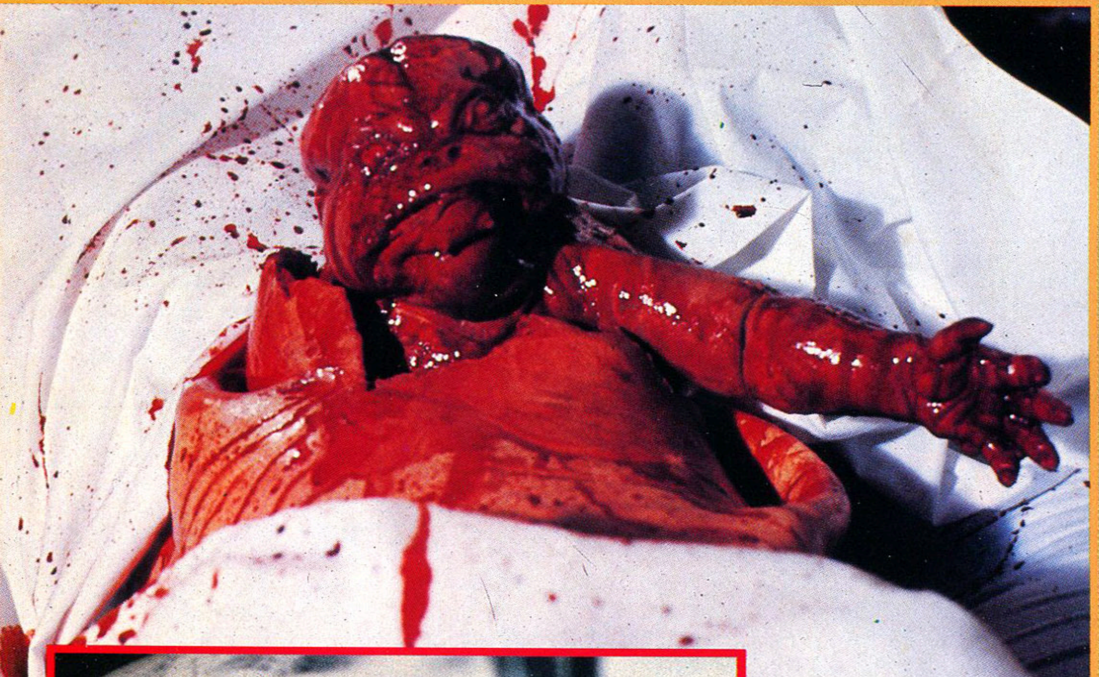
Big Buddy's 400-pound pet porker outshines 'em all in Rick Roessler's *Slaughterhouse* (1987). It's reassuring to know that even during the worst of times, a kindly grunt, a soft squeal or a friendly nuzzle can do wonders for the tortured psyche of a homicidal pig farmer.

BEST HIPPIE HORROR TRIP

This rather restricted subgenre yields but two finalists. Though *Toxic Zombies* (a.k.a. *Blood Eaters*, 1980) features pot farmers turning into flesh-eating ghouls and tries hard to poke your eyes out with the traditional Aquarian hand gesture, it must yield to the muscular, mean-spirited swagger of the still shocking *I Drink Your Blood* (1970). This tale of a band of murderous hippies who are poisoned by meat pies injected with rabies virus is a rarely seen cult item that really delivers quite a buzz. Amazingly bloody for its time, this one's the real *Helter Skelter*.

MOST BODACIOUS BIRTHING

It used to be the toothy little mutant hand puppet chewing his way through Mommy's tummy in *Humanoids from the Deep* (1980), but not anymore. In *X-tro* (1983), there's a real white-knuckler involving an impregnated Earth woman giving birth to a *full-size* man. Yow!



***Humanoids from the Deep*'s birth scene gives new meaning to the phrase "labor pains."**

The crispy-fried fellow from *Dead and Buried* awaits further indignities.

Canine carnage comes in all breeds, as evident in *Cujo* and *White Dog* (inset).

That stretches lots more than just the imagination, pardner.

MOST UNDERRATED SHOCK 'N' BOP

Psycho II (1983) concludes with Norman (Tony Perkins) circling behind his "real" live mother and unexpectedly creaming her in the back of the head with a shovel. It's beautifully set up, a wondrous fake-out. I still can't find the cutaway where they substituted the dummy for the real woman. Watch that one again.

FORGOTTEN SAVINI SLAUGHTERTHON

Winner: *The Prowler* (1981). Aside from *Maniac* (1981), this has got to be the goriest FX showcase of interpersonal mayhem to come out of the stalk 'n' slash craze. In nearly all instances, it stretches its MPAA R rating to the outermost limits. Of particular note are the extremely graphic throat cuttings, pitchforkings and bayonetings. It ends with a bang, too, as Farley Granger grasps the losing end of a double-barreled shotgun and becomes one with both the universe and the wallpaper.

Moments like these obliterate any lingering traces of existential angst or career ennui that plague my consciousness from time to time. This flippant little piece is by no means an attempt to classify a generation of filmmakers or exhaustively catalog every noteworthy splash in the bloody bucket. No can do.

But you've got to admit, it's got a good beat and you *can* dance to it.

> **Farley Granger grasps the losing end of a shotgun and becomes one with both the universe and the wallpaper.**

Never play the squirting-carnation gag on a giant rat.

Photo: Copyright 1983 Warner Bros.

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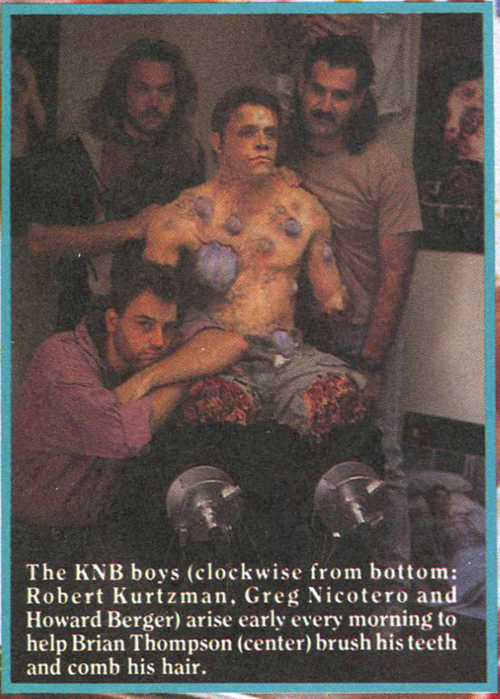


Photo: William Rotsler

The KNB boys (clockwise from bottom: Robert Kurtzman, Greg Nicotero and Howard Berger) arise early every morning to help Brian Thompson (center) brush his teeth and comb his hair.

HS Photos: Michael Becker/Copyright 1988/UA

When the thoughtful lads at KNB learned that we were celebrating our anniversary this month, they sent over a special cake.

KNB: License

Hey, GOREZONE fanatics: You too can become a big-deal special FX makeup artist in Hollywood itself! Consider the saga of the KNB EFX Group. The three founders—Robert Kurtzman, Greg Nicotero and Howard Berger—are all longtime Fango/GOREZONE fans, and now they're laboring on a heap of new gorefests like *Horror Show*, *Dr. Hackenstein*, *Intruder*, *The Borrower* and *Nightwish*, with more to come.

Howard Berger shows the GOREZONE rep around the big garagelike space housing their lab and studio. There's the usual stuff found in a makeup lab: kilns, molds, clay. It's all very tidy, since they've only been there two months. After a long while in one location, a makeup shop's walls get covered with drawings, posters and art of all sorts. Molds end up dominating everything, because they're so large and so many are required. Old makeups are first given proud places on the wall, then later wind up in the rafters, where they quietly decay in the California smog.

The corpse of a little girl in a nightdress, her head loosely attached by a bloody line, dangles from the wall. This is one of Max Jenke's (Brion James) victims from *Horror Show*. There's also a hot-melt vinyl head found in a deep-fat fryer in *Horror Show*, which comes up from under the fat with exploding eyes. Also on the wall are two grotesquely bloated pregnant bellies, laced with dark blue veins. One has Brion James' visage starting to break through the strained, stretched skin. "These are two of the three stages of pregnancy in the film," Berger explains. "We had a rigid copy of Brion's face we first pushed out through the dental-dam stomach. Then we put Brion in there himself, to push his own face through, because he has dialogue in the scene." James earns a distinction: Not many actors deliver lines from within a pregnant woman's belly.

James' appliances from the film are displayed, too, sculpted by Bob Kurtzman. "This," says Berger almost absently, "is one of the chests we did for Lance Henriksen in *Horror Show*." It's a man's torso, with a gaping sternum, its heart exposed. "Lance was through a hole in the wall, and we had this piece blended off. In the movie, Lance comes into his daughter's bedroom and sees Dedee

FX Photos: Courtesy KNB EFX

Terry Alexander, who survived a zombie assault in *Day of the Dead*, hangs around the *Horror Show* set.

By BILL WARREN

to Splatter

"The three best guys in the business—Smith, Baker and Winston—aren't egotistical at all, so no one has a right to be egotistical."

Bet the MPAA will be up in arms over *Nightwish*'s gory content.

Pfeiffer, who plays his daughter, on the bed. She's pregnant, and Jenke starts to stretch out of her stomach. Lance smacks up against the wall and starts having heart pains. He pulls his shirt open. A slit in his chest starts to pulsate, so he starts grabbing at it and tears it open, exposing his beating heart."

Webbed bodies from *Nightwish*, which in the film are found stuck to the walls of a cave, hang from the walls of the studio. (One of the bodies is Greg Nicotero; another is KNB friend Sam Raimi.) There's a naked rat in an enamel pan, left over from *Dr. Hackenstein*. Since a mold of Sam Raimi was lying around, they did terrible things to his head once again for *Intruder* (formerly *Night Crew*), "because," as Berger explains, "all the guys from *Evil Dead* are in *Intruder*." And there's more—more heads by Nicotero from *Hackenstein*, yet another from *Intruder*, the big monster head from *Deepstar Six* with Ted Raimi's head resting in its jaws, some practice sculptures done in KNB's scant spare time, some from *Creepshow II* (on which two of the three worked before forming their own company), even the Creature from the Black Lagoon, Berger's favorite monster ever.

After the shop tour, the artists sit down to chat, and the idea presented at the beginning up there is reproposed. I mean, here you are in high school, and you've decided you want to be either a rock 'n' roll star or a makeup FX guy. All you need is a few good gory heads in your makeup portfolio and the doors are open. You'll start at the top, sculpting for Bottin or Baker, right?

Wrong, say K and N and B. *Very* wrong. More on that later.

These three guys have been working around the makeup business for some time—15 years, combined. Bob Kurtzman, the smallest and quietest, yet most eloquent of the three, went to art school in Ohio, but gave that up quickly and came to California. He doesn't recommend enrolling in Joe Blasco's makeup school. "I started going around and seeing people, with an actually pretty mediocre portfolio, as beginners do, pounding on John Buechler's door." When Howard Berger, working for Buechler, needed a replacement, he got Kurtzman. "That's where I met Howard, and we've been hanging out

Despite all the KNB butchery, *Horror Show* is really a musical.

ever since. I worked for about a year with John and moved on. I did three months on *The Color Purple*, then made the rounds, working for different studios." At Mark Shostrom's, he worked on *From Beyond* and travelled to Italy with the project. He also worked on *Phantasm II*, *Deepstar Six* and other titles. But as all three mention, it was on *Evil Dead II*, that FX-stuffed extravaganza, that Kurtzman, Nicotero and Berger all worked together for the first time.

Solidly built, blonde, bearded and talkative, Greg Nicotero almost lucked into show business. He's from Pittsburgh, where "my family was friends with George Romero's family; an interesting thing was that my uncle was in *The Crazies*." Nicotero became friends with Romero, and through him met Tom Savini, but went through college without planning to work in movies. "I thought it was something I would always be interested in because I loved movies, but I never really thought about getting into it. I was going to be a doctor."

He worked with Savini on *Tales from the Darkside*, then George Romero offered Nicotero a job on *Day of the Dead*. "Of course, there was a stipulation from my parents that I would complete my schooling and all that bull." He served as Savini's assistant on *Day*. "I basically let Tom know exactly what was happening with each effect, and how many sets of appliances we would need, and which head played which day, things like that." Nicotero met makeup people he's friends with to this day—Berger, John Vulich, Everett Burrell, David Kindlon, Mike Trcic. "On that film, we made a bond which I don't really think will ever be broken." (This is unusual in films; although a movie production can be a close-knit family, the closeness usually lasts only as long as the movie.)

"After *Day of the Dead*, I went to Florida with Howard and Tom, and we did *Invasion U.S.A.*, then returned to New York for 'Halloween Candy' on *Darkside*." On the advice of Berger, Nicotero moved to California, and another friendship from *Day of the Dead* paid off when Everett Burrell invited both Berger and Nicotero to work on *Invaders From Mars*.

"It was very, very bizarre for me to get into this field and be where I am now, because when I got into it, I didn't really know anything," Nicotero confesses. "I just lucked into it and have been smart enough to keep my eyes open and learn. Howard and Bob are two of the best lab and application guys around." Nicotero bounced around the country like a billiard ball on a pool table, working on *From Beyond* in Los Angeles, *Raw Deal* and *Evil Dead II* in North Carolina, *Creepshow II* in New York and Arizona.

It was on the ill-fated *Creepshow II* that Nicotero really began making deals on behalf of Nicotero and Berger. While today they declare that all three are adept in all aspects of the business, it's clear that though he does makeup work, Nicotero is handier with the scheduling side of things. The producers of *Creepshow II* declined to use Nicotero, Trcic and Berger as makeup FX supervisors, because, Nicotero says, the producers complained that "these guys never keyed anything." ("Keying" means taking charge of a film's makeup FX.) But when the FX chief for *Creepshow II* was fired, Nicotero, Berger and Trcic found themselves supervising the makeup FX on location in Arizona.

There are three basic ways to get into the movies: simply be good enough (like Bob Kurtzman), know someone (like Greg Nicotero), or be related to someone—like Howard Berger, whose father has been a motion picture sound man for many years. (Of course, the way to *stay* in the business is to be talented, and KNB have no problem with that.) The biggest of the trio, Berger looks like the kind of guy you wouldn't want to walk up to you on a lonely street at night, but his friendly, outgoing personality provides a comforting contrast to his biker appearance.

"I was a lucky kid, I guess," Berger smiles. "My dad had a screening room in his house where we ran 35mm films. I was raised on monsters, and I loved it. I realized I wanted to be in the industry, and I wanted to make monsters, so I decided, 'Hey, makeup effects!' I was also lucky enough to meet Stan Winston through my dad when I was 14 years old." Little Howard began hanging out at Winston's lab; the makeup chief kept urging him to continue in school. "So when I finished school, I went to Stan's, and he said, 'Well, work around town a little bit.' I started off in Makeup Effects Lab, then went over to John Buechler's, and that worked out real well." John Vulich invited Berger and Everett Burrell to Pittsburgh for *Day of the Dead*.

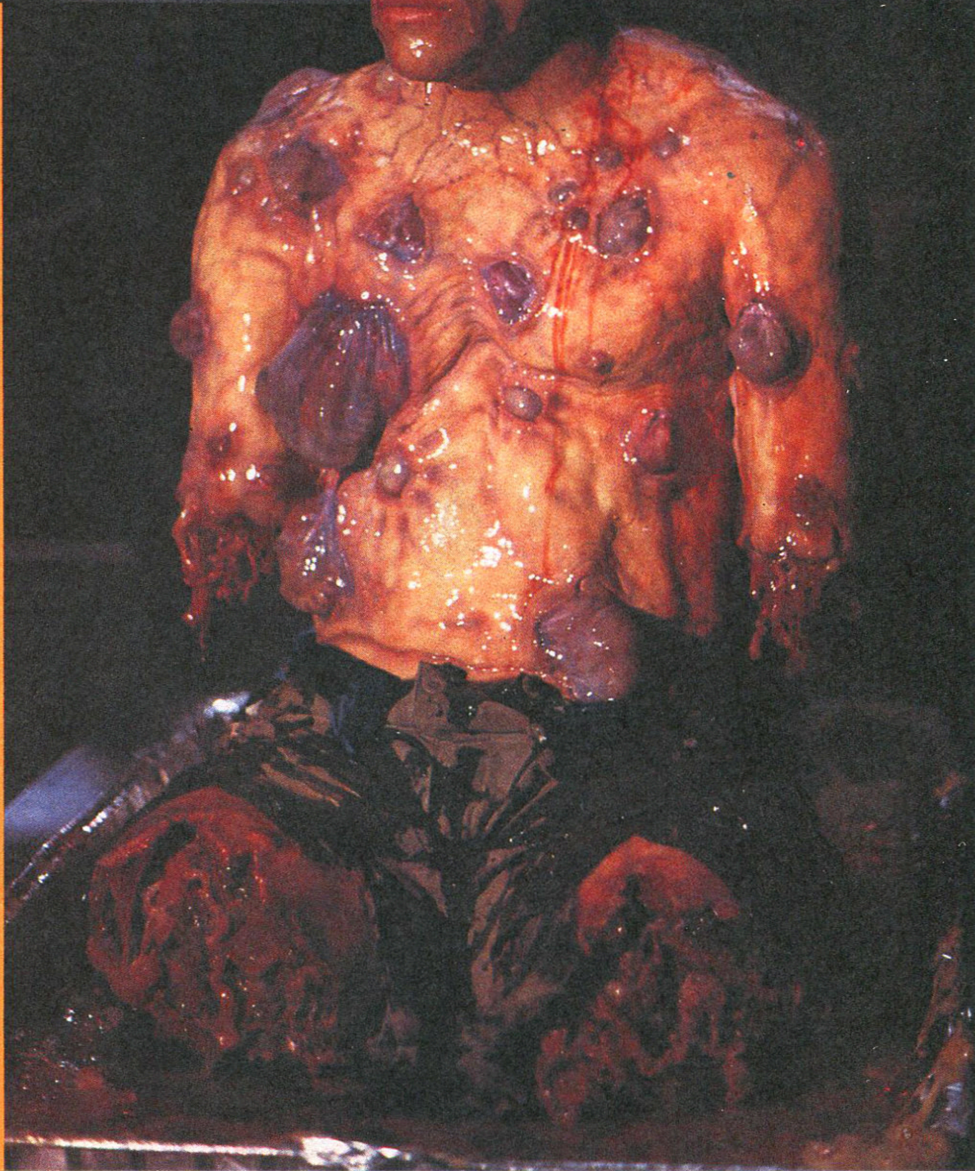
"That was the first time I ever got a chance to work on a real movie," Berger confesses. "Before that, it was Empire pictures: *Troll*, *Eliminators*, *Trancers*. *Day of the Dead* was a great experience, and I met Greg off that show." He finally got to work at Stan Winston's on *Invaders From Mars* and *Aliens*, then toiled at Rick Baker's shop on *Harry and the Hendersons*. "Then I went to Mark Shostrom's. The three of us got together to do *Evil Dead II*. That was great, we were all together for six months, working three months at Mark's and three months in North Carolina, just doin' stuff."

After *Creepshow II*, back at Winston's, Berger worked on *Pumpkinhead* and *Predator*, and "a whole bunch" of other stuff. "I got—thank God!—hired at Kevin Yagher's," he recounts. "Both Bob and I were working at Kev's. I was at Kevin's for a year and a half, solid, working on *The Hidden*, *976-EVIL* and others. Bob applied the makeups and I was doing lab work in the shop. Bob left to go work on *Phantasm II*, and I decided to stay at Kev's and went onto *Child's Play*, which went eight months. After that, I went on to *Nightmare 4*. Then I left, and here we are today."

> "The lab people were nearly convinced that we really put somebody on a band saw and cut his head in two."
> —FX chief Greg Nicotero

Jenke serves up another Blue Plate Special.

FX Photos: Courtesy KNB EFX



Would you be smiling if someone put a table around your torso, then covered you in a full-body appliance with sacs of moving aliens?

And where are they today? Working on films like the slasher flick *Intruder* (see GOREZONE #6). To get launched in the FX racket, KNB agreed to work on *Intruder* virtually at cost. "We had some heads and some quick-cut gore effects, head chops, things like that," Kurtzman explains. "We had several heads we had to do, which got pierced or sawed in half. The hard part was that we were doing other things at the same time and were working on them at night, so we were really cramming for that one."

"The one effect that everyone rants and raves about," beams Nicotero with corporate pride, "is the head that Bob did. You know those band saws at supermarkets that they cut ribs and other bones on? They grab this guy and cut his head right in half. We heard people at the processing lab were nearly convinced that we really put somebody on a band saw and cut his head in two. The fact that it was made out of gelatin meant that as soon as the blade started cutting it, the friction from the blade made it start to melt, and the gelatin bubbled up just like flesh." Before production started, the producers considered cutting all the gore scenes from *Intruder*, but KNB talked them into restoring the splatter—for the video version, at least.

The production was pleased enough to recommend the trio to another company, making *Dr. Hackenstein* (formerly *The Embalmer*). This, Nicotero reports "was really a black comedy. The plot revolves around this not-so-sane doctor who has kept his girlfriend's head alive. So throughout the course of the film, travelers stop at his house; he takes women apart and puts them together to reform his girlfriend."

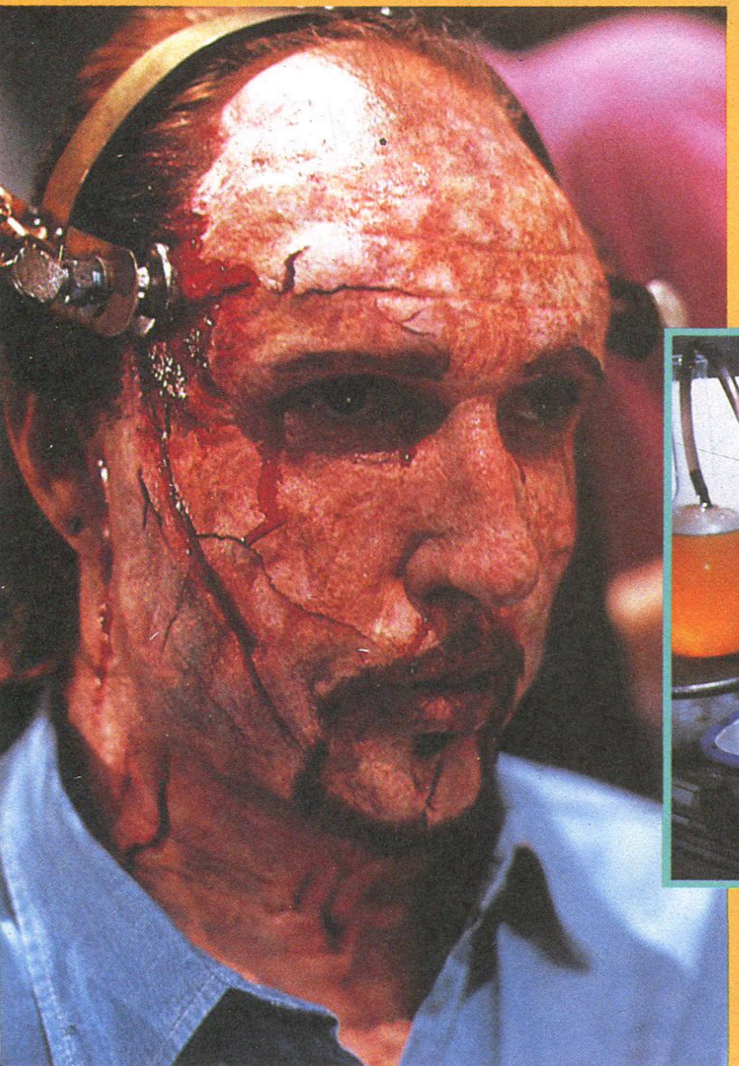
Kurtzman continues (these three often take up where one another left off, like Huey, Dewey and Louie), "We had some fun ideas about the girl being swollen at first, after surgery. She'd gradually go down. They said, 'Nahh,' and they ended up hiring this really hot *Playboy*-type girl to play the part. We just did scars on her, leaving it normal so you could see as much of her body as possible. At the end of the film, she's disgusted with the way she looks, so she rips out her eyes, pulling these little appliances off, with an empty patch of muscle behind them."

The most bizarre of the early KNB films is clearly *Nightwish*, which they got on a referral from Brian Yuzna, producer of *From Beyond*. "This research scientist," relates Nicotero, "goes to a house in the desert with a couple of students to investigate psychic phenomena. For some reason, they feel the magnetic field of the Earth fluctuates at that point, so they're going to study it."

They had to quickly construct glow-in-the-dark "ectoplasmic" tentacles for the story, which apparently starts as a supernatural film, but evolves into science fiction, with aliens that use human bodies as incubators with slick purple sacs protruding from people's torsos. It was this effect, in fact, that lured KNB onto the project. "Brian Thompson, the actor in the big scene, has had his arms and legs chopped off, and he's sitting in this big enamel pan full of slimy fluid. His whole body is pulsating with these little aliens," says Kurtzman.

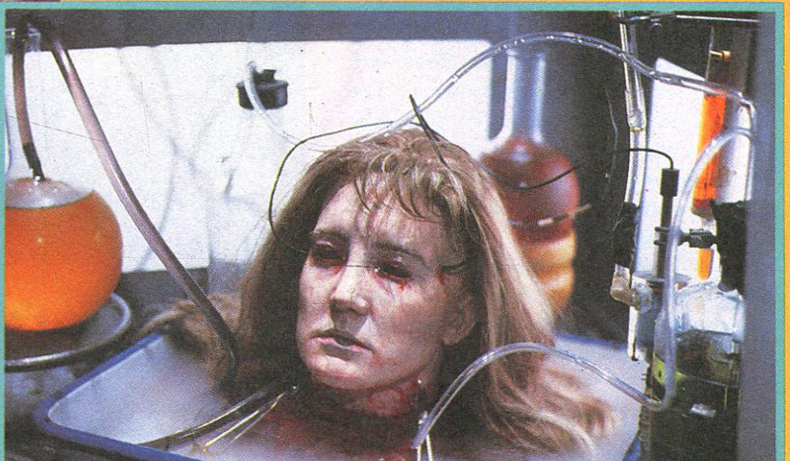
But, Kurtzman complains, the director didn't shoot the scene the way that KNB had planned it. In addition to the appliances on Thompson, they had built a cable-controlled duplicate (which now greets visitors to the KNB offices) designed to be photographed from a

Brion James sports Kurtzman's second-stage electrocution makeup, which featured inflatable bladders inside it to split the skin during Jenke's death.

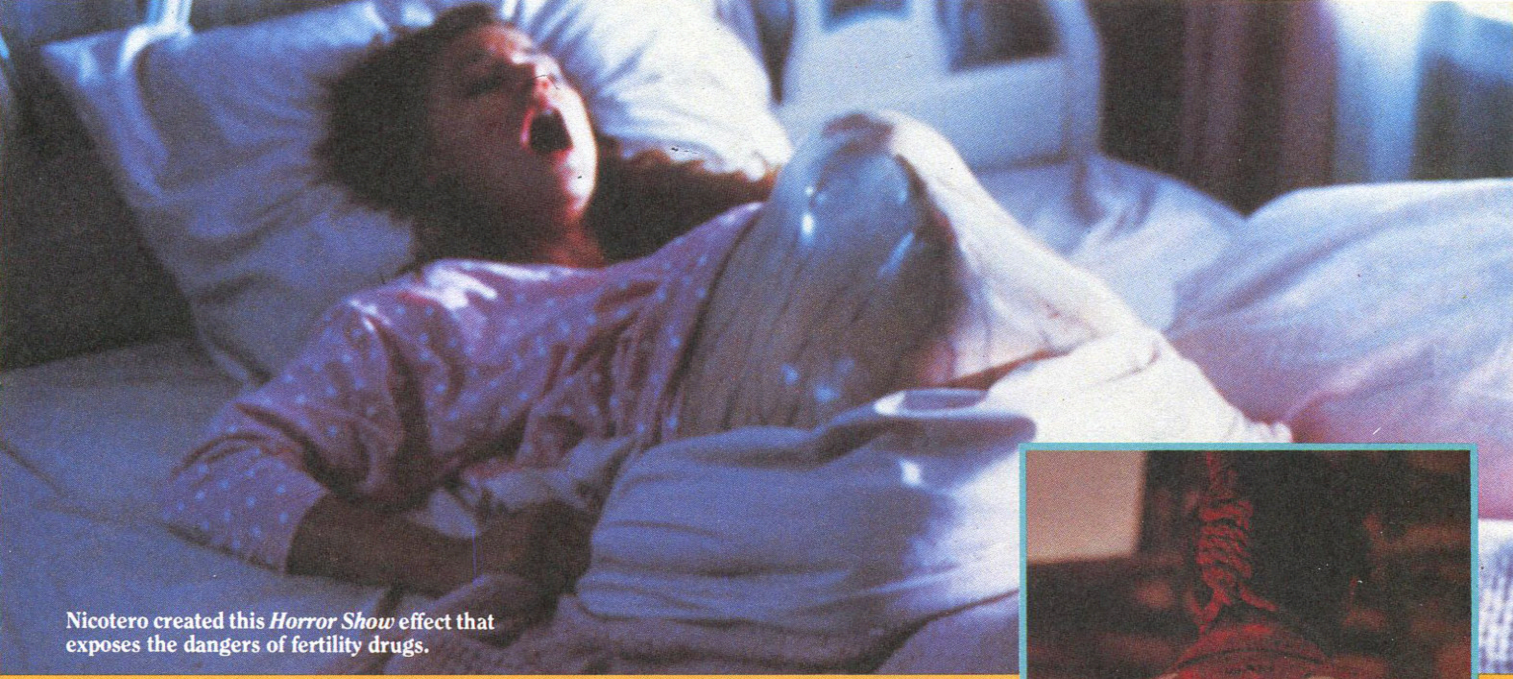


> **"We're not in this for the blood and guts. We'd really like to do more artistic things."**
> **—FX creator Robert Kurtzman**

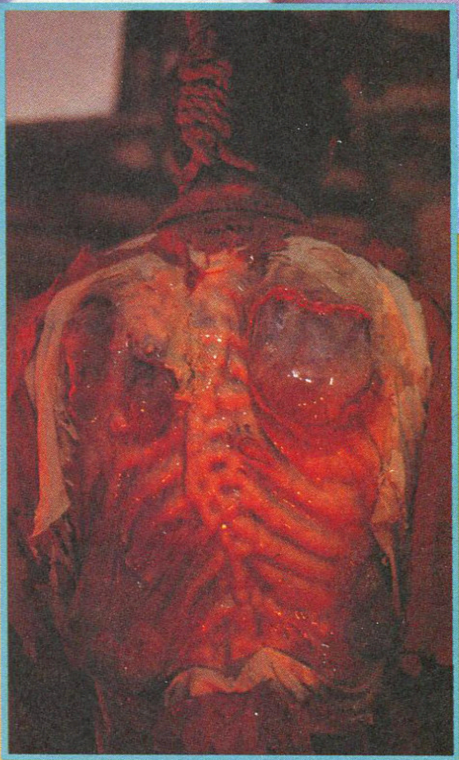
FX Photos: Courtesy KNB EFX



Dr. Hackenstein **finds the perfect date for** ***Re-Animator*****'s Dr. Hill.**



Nicotero created this *Horror Show* effect that exposes the dangers of fertility drugs.



Kudos to Dave Barton for sculpting this incredible *Nightwish* back appliance, and congrats to Robert Kurtzman for applying it.

wide angle, so the audience could see that the actor was not standing in a hole in the table (which, of course, he actually was) in the other shots. "When the other actors came in," Kurtzman continues, "they were going to use Brian and shoot everything from the front, so he could do his dialogue. Unfortunately, they did the dolly shot with Brian and not with the dummy. We don't know how it will come out in the film."

Then came *Horror Show* (Fango #81) for director Jim Isaac, with whom Kurtzman and Nicotero had worked on *Deepstar Six* (on which Isaac supervised the FX). This is the most extravagant KNB project yet. "Originally, Jenke was supposed to be in makeup throughout the film, almost like Freddy Krueger," Nicotero reveals. "We thought it would be a good chance to display our shop. But they chose to go another route, which actually turned out to be better for us; we didn't have to do a makeup on Brion for six or eight weeks."

"I think the thing with *Horror Show*," Berger asserts, "is that it's one of those films that has a possibility of being a real good movie *without* the effects. The actors are great, Lance Henriksen and Brion James."

All of these films, the three artists feel, are pretty bloody, but Kurtzman takes pains to point out that KNB does not specialize in splatter. Kurtzman avers, "Splatter effects are not 'in' anymore, not pure splatter. What we consider splatter is basically a pile of hamburger on the floor with blood all over it. Eventually, we'd like to do big monsters in suits rather than the blood-and-guts route. That's the real challenge. I think I speak for a lot of makeup people; we're not in this for the blood and guts, we'd really like to do more artistic things."

The business is jumping right now, with several labs in business around town. The major innovator, Dick Smith, isn't doing very much makeup work currently, but everyone else is busy, from Rob Bottin, Stan Winston, Kevin Yagher, Rick Baker and Steve Johnson (those whom KNB cite as the top of the profession) on down. There's a change underway in movies that use makeup FX. "The films that are made just for effects are dying out now, and they are going toward less effects and more story," decides Kurtzman. "The effects support the film, but they aren't the film."

And now, at last, we come to what all you would-be Winstons and wannabe Bakers have been waiting for: *advice from the pros*. "The problem is that there are *so* many people taking Dick Smith's course," Nicotero claims. "Everybody assumes that because of taking this course, they're immediately qualified to do everything. I'm not saying Dick's course wouldn't give good information. It does, but makeup is hard work, and you've really got to bust your butt."

Kurtzman agrees. "Everybody wants to start by sculpting, and you don't. You start pouring the rubber, running foam latex, whatever. You should know that the first time you're working, you start at the bottom."

"The most important thing to be successful in this business: Know how to sculpt and do all the artistic work, sure," warns Berger, "but also know how to do *all* the lab work, too. You'll be hired as a moldmaker before you'll be hired as a sculptor. Also, people wanting to get into this are very egotistical; the way I look at it, the three best guys in the business—Smith, Baker and Winston—aren't egotistical at all, so no one has the right to be egotistical, because no one in this business is *close* to them."

Nicotero speaks up. "People nowadays assume that it's easy, but it's not. You gotta really *work*. The first thing to do is go to the art store, buy some clay and start sculpting. Because the more variety you show, the more it's going to show how talented you are."

Newcomers Sean Rodgers and Dave Barton have been working for KNB, but they're willing to do the scut work—sweeping out, fetching, carrying—because they're learning. As Kurtzman puts it, the attitude of Rodgers and Barton is simple, and it's the one most necessary to get ahead: "Hard work and determination—and 'Teach me, show me, let me do some stuff.' " KNB promises to be showing great stuff to GOREZONE readers for years to come.

WA
THE NIGHT BELONGS TO...
Drink
BURGER KING
OPEN 24 HOURS
MOVIELA
THROAT TALENT
XXX
MADMAN

FICTION

Lust For Life

By TIMOTHY M. SWAIN

Imagine him the man who once peered in your bedroom window when you were a child, the one your parents thought you'd dreamed. Or see him as that man who followed you along the sidewalk one night not long ago, the one you prayed wouldn't overtake you and tap your shoulder.

He's a creature of legend, but few legends have no core of truth. He moves from one city to the next, prowling alleys and vacant lots. In shadow, he watches, he waits.

He must. He has no choice.

He uses names that reveal nothing, that bespeak only anonymity. Think of him as a slightly balding man with a weathered face and hard eyes who introduces himself as Smith or as Johnson.

Or as Brown.

Again, as he had five hundred, a thousand, maybe two thousand times before, he sought an appropriate victim.

The man who sometimes called himself Brown was feeling sick.

He sat on a bench on the courthouse lawn. A young man he knew only as Robbie stood before him. Robbie tossed his cigarette to the ground, then inspected the street in both directions.

He seemed to enjoy playing at stealth and secrecy. Perhaps he imagined himself a criminal in a novel, or, more likely, in some television show. Through the years, Brown had dealt with many boys like Robbie. All were ignorant, most vicious, a few nearly as cunning as they supposed.

Robbie dropped to the bench, making it shudder. He smelled of sweat and tobacco. "Check it, dude," he said, shoving a fist into the pocket of his fatigue jacket. "I got your stuff."

"From the clinic?"

"Where else?"

Brown put out his hand, palm up.

"Money first."

Brown closed his eyes. He fought his growing nausea by relaxing, by not fighting it at all. He breathed deeply of the cool evening air and thought for an instant that he'd vomit. He spoke in a whisper. "I need to look at it. You know that."

Robbie wore his hair as had generations of thieves and pickpockets—long and dirty, shaggy as an alley cat's. Sparse whiskers failed to hide the patches of acne on his sunken cheeks.

He grinned, displaying straight but yellowed teeth. "Money first," he said. "Thirty bucks a bag. Ninety total."

"Our agreement calls for twenty a bag."

"That's the old deal."

A police car came from around the corner. While Brown watched it pass, Robbie stared across the street. Brown followed his gaze and found a man standing in the mouth of the alley from which Robbie had come seconds earlier.

"I got no time to screw around," said Robbie, pulling back a sleeve and glancing at his bare wrist. "Ninety dollars. Take it or leave it."

"I'll leave it."

Robbie's grin vanished. "OK," he said. "OK, great. Go screw yourself." He leapt up, took one, two, three steps, then turned. "C'mon, dude," he said with the slightest of whines. "It ain't like you can't afford it."

"That's beside the point."

Robbie came back and sat down. From his pocket, he took a clear plastic bag filled with crimson liquid. He gave it to Brown.

The bag was cold. Brown held it in the glow of the nearest street lamp. He turned it over and around, examining the liquid within. He put it in the pocket of his overcoat.

Robbie handed Brown a second bag, then a third. Brown held up both, but he looked closely at neither. The light made his eyes water and burn. He could squint into it for only a few seconds.

"How come you need this stuff?" said Robbie, but he got no answer. "You can tell me, man. You're some sort of like. . . devil worshipper, aren't you?"

"No."

"But something like that, right?"

Brown reached into his coat. He took two bills, a fifty and twenty, from the inner pocket and held them out.

Robbie plucked them away. "I got no change."

"Don't worry about it."

Robbie turned, bringing his leg onto the bench. "You need anything else?"

"No."

The boy put his hand to Brown's thigh and squeezed. "Nothing at all?"

"No."

"Some guys," said Robbie, "don't know what they need until somebody shows them."

Brown had heard this offer before. He knew of little he'd not heard or seen or done before. He let slip a chuckle, brief and hollow, that made his temples and the base of his skull ache.

"Please, Robbie," he said, "go away."

"OK," said the boy. "OK, forget it." He moved as if to leave, but he didn't. He seemed to consider. "You see, Mr. Brown, the thing is this. Me and my roommate, we been—"

"The man in the alley?"

"Yeah," said Robbie. "Yeah, that guy." He looked down, avoiding Brown's eyes. "Me and him, we're a little short of cash, and we—"

Brown silenced Robbie by pulling a hundred-dollar bill from inside his coat. He suspected he was making a mistake, but he caught the young man's wrist and pressed the money to his palm.

"I'll pay you back," said Robbie. "Really. As soon as I can."

"It's a gift. Forget it."

"Thanks," said Robbie, rising, his grin that of a happy child. "Thanks a lot, Mr. Brown." He trotted across the street and disappeared into the alley with his friend.

Brown knew the stories of others who drank blood and lived for centuries. He sometimes imagined meeting one of them, an equal, a brother of sorts who'd understand his loneliness and despair.

He'd catch himself smiling, then feel foolish for losing himself in fantasy.

For years, Brown had sought pleasure without pause. He acquired money, traveled, slept with women whose mothers or grandmothers he might have seduced years before. Eventually, this grew dull, less a release than a habit.

Then came the period of reading, of study. It passed when Brown realized that human thought echoed and re-echoed but seldom progressed, that new ideas were almost always old ones refurbished.

Time had given Brown a perspective too broad to permit his seeing humans as anything but foolish, vaguely comical. As the only animals that knew they must die, only they felt the need to prove otherwise.

In desperation, men bustled about, did this, did that. They hid in activity they pretended had meaning. They worshipped deities they denied having created.

Men played at games they imagined were something else, something more.

They did this constantly.

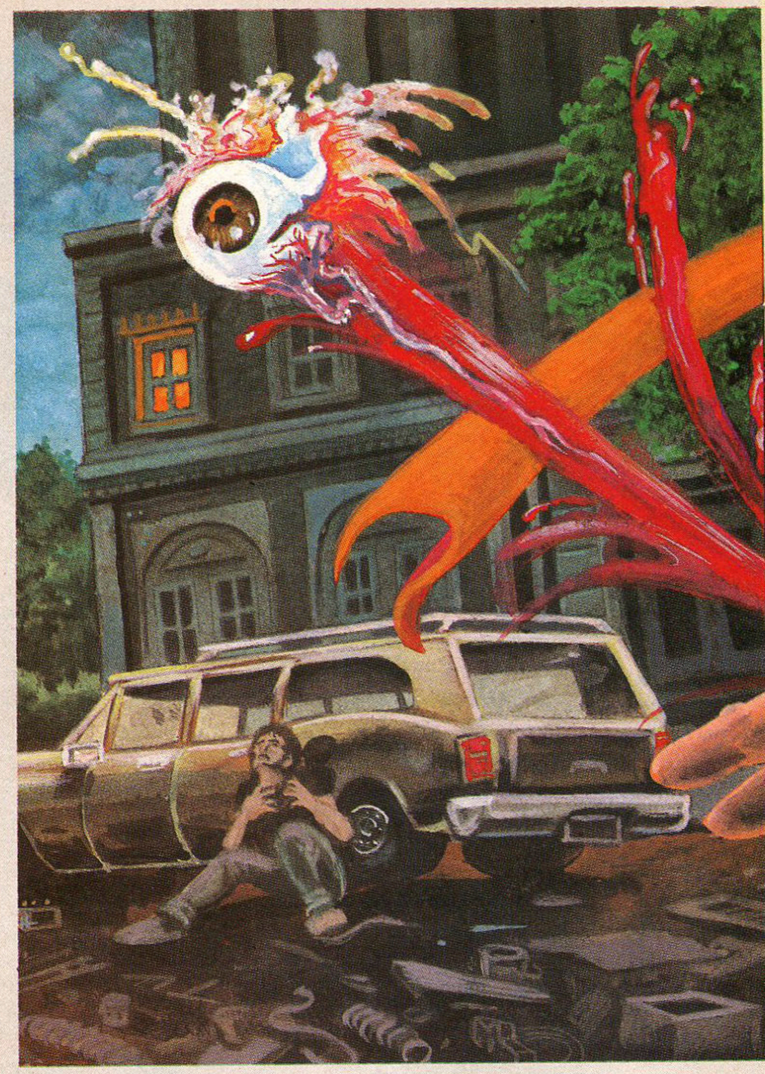
Endlessly.

Generation after generation.

And then they grew feeble and died, each one of them.

Thinking of this, which he did often, gave Brown a sense of superiority that was pleasant but fleeting. He understood much, and he might never die, but he found his life no more meaningful than the lives of the humans he held in contempt.

So for his many murders he had only one justification, one that was flawed, but which he thought at least his victims would understand: He wanted to live. He dreaded nothing so much as ceasing to exist.



Each step brought a wave of nausea, but Brown neither hurried nor went directly to his apartment. He went around the block, backtracked, paused to watch and listen. He made certain that no one followed him.

Brown's apartment was in an L-shaped building that was once a motel, with eight rooms on either wing and an abandoned office in the middle. He had no television or stereo and little furniture.

A stray cat had appeared at Brown's door several days earlier. He'd fed her that evening, and the next, and every evening since. Tonight, she meowed in greeting from the shrubbery beneath his window.

Brown ignored her. Inside, he put two of the bags he'd bought into the refrigerator, then opened the third and emptied it into a bowl. He sat cross-legged on the mattress in the corner, his back to the wall.

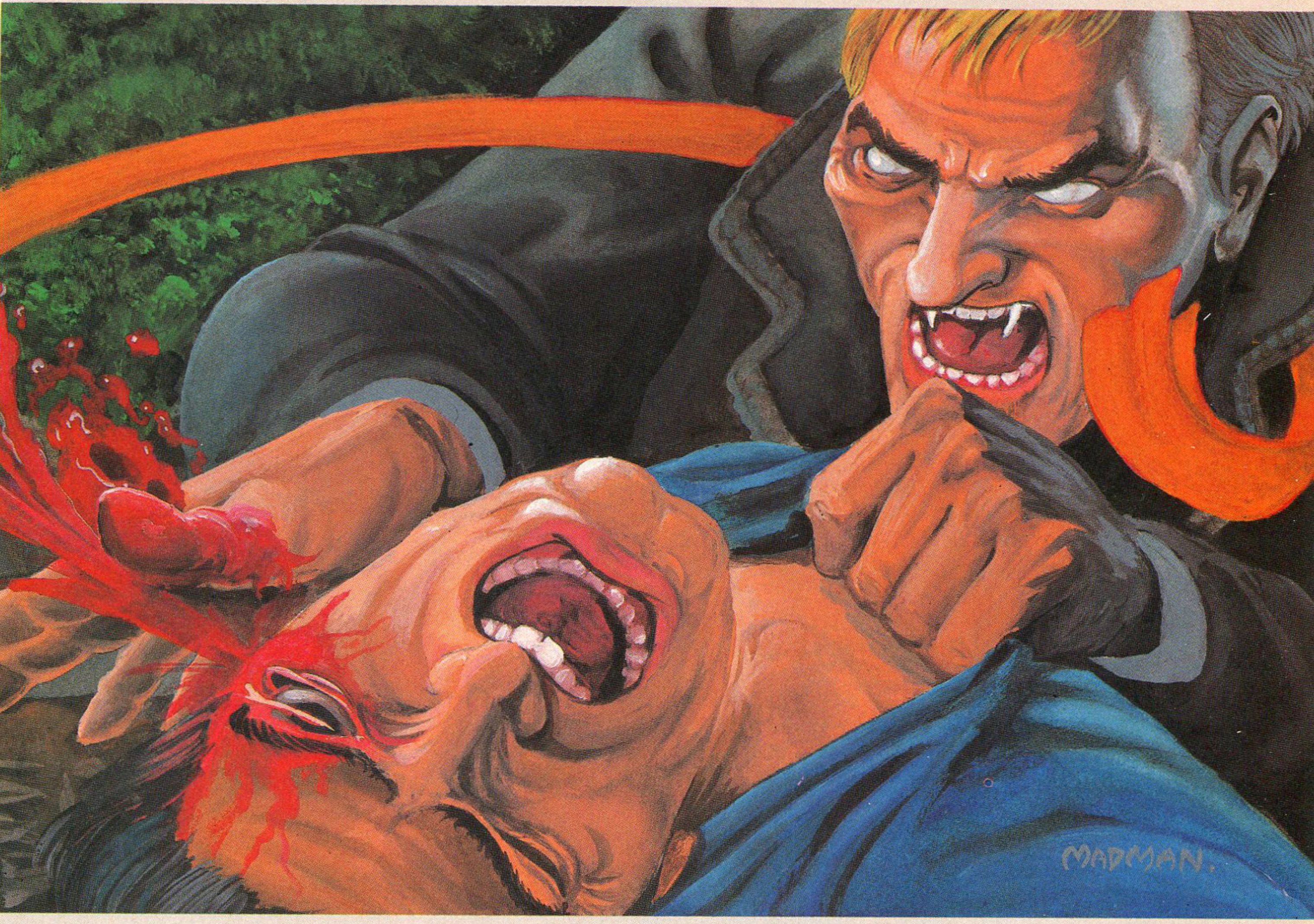
Fangs bared, he drank.

The headache eased, and so did the nausea.

But blood provided no cure, only relief. The lust remained. Sometimes, not often, usually in autumn or early winter, Brown needed more than plasma and red and white blood cells. He found no pleasure in murder, but he needed the hunt, the struggle. He needed the screaming and the stink of terror and the plunge into flesh.

He opened the door and found the cat waiting. He brought out a carton of milk and box of dry food, then filled the two bowls by the door.

The cat came forward slowly, stopping to listen and look about and stare up at Brown. She put her tongue to the milk as if testing taste and temperature.



Clearly, before her abandonment, she'd been a house pet, provided bed and litter box, declawed, discouraged from chasing mice. Ribs and spine showed through fur that was matted and streaked with dirt. Her swollen teats indicated that she had kittens, probably hidden in the clumps of weeds that littered the lot across the street.

Brown squatted and reached out to stroke the cat's back, but she stepped from under his hand. Not until he moved away did she continue lapping the milk.

Brown searched alleys and porno shops and adult theaters. Again, as he had five hundred, a thousand, maybe two thousand times before, he sought an appropriate victim.

He found her the next evening, by what seemed mere chance, at a second-hand bookstore two blocks from his apartment.

She squatted between stacks, reading a hard-bound book with yellowed pages. Brown imagined her a graduate student at the nearby university or perhaps an instructor several years from tenure.

He passed behind her, brushing her shoulder. She lost her balance, but caught herself by putting one hand to the lowermost shelf.

Brown stopped, turned.

He examined the young woman's auburn hair and angular face, her delicate mouth and nose. He studied her skin, smooth and without color, more ashen than his own. He christened her, in his mind, Miss Gray.

He imagined grasping her, snapping her neck.

He saw her falling, hands to her face, blood spurting between her fingers.

But even as he fantasized, he felt his throat tightened by guilt, maybe even by sympathy, emotions he despised. He reminded himself that, like any creature, he did what he must to survive.

Miss Gray looked up. "Is there something you want?"

Brown stood over her, much closer than he'd intended. "No," he said, backing away. "No, I was just wondering what you're reading."

Miss Gray held up the book.

Brown couldn't make out the faded title. "Perhaps we could get a cup of coffee."

"No thanks."

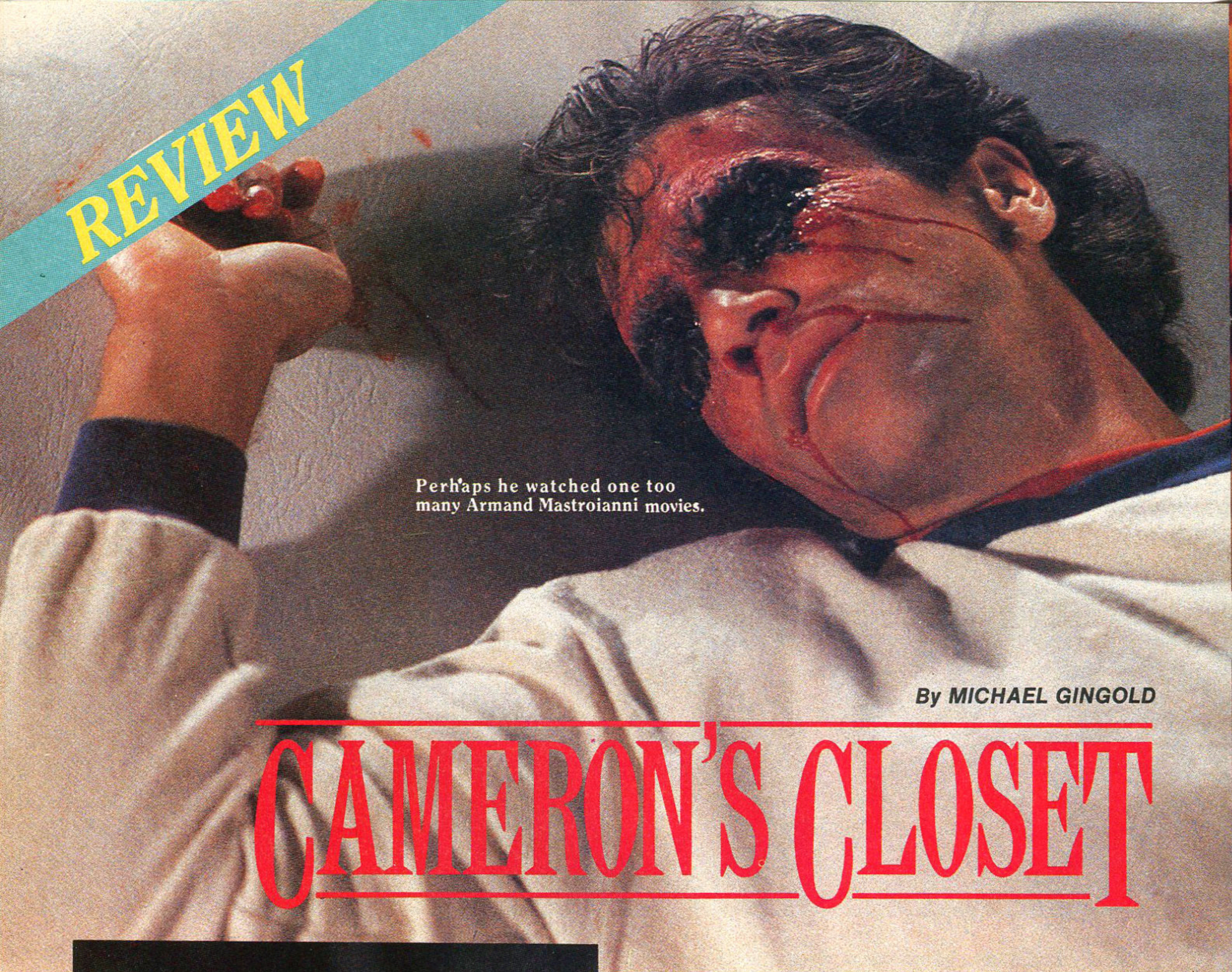
"You're sure?"

"Quite."

Brown waited in the alley beside the bookstore, then followed Miss Gray to her apartment building, a box-like structure, three stories tall, only minutes from his own.

(continued on page 62)

REVIEW



Perhaps he watched one too many Armand Mastroianni movies.

By MICHAEL GINGOLD

CAMERON'S CLOSET

All Photos: Dan Golden/SVS Films

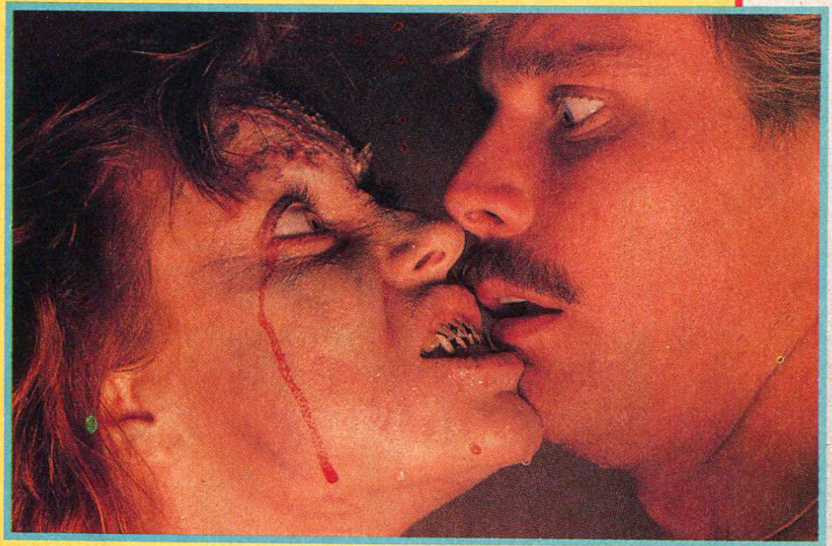
Can't trust hair stylists these days. He wanted his *hair* parted down the middle, not his face!

> ***"...an interesting idea sunk by muddled storytelling and subpar FX work."***

No movie that opens by decapitating Tab Hunter with a machete can be all bad, but *Cameron's Closet* comes pretty close. You have to give credit these days to a horror film that isn't a sequel, a spoof or a direct rip-off of some other film, but such relative originality can only get a movie so far. *Cameron's Closet* is an interesting idea sunk by muddled storytelling and subpar FX work.

The title refers to the favorite dwelling place of an ancient demon, raised accidentally by 10-year-old Cameron Lansing (Scott Curtis). His father Owen (Hunter) is a psychic researcher performing tests on the boy, who has superunusual psychokinetic powers. Then Cameron starts fooling with a sculptured effigy of the demon and Owen winds up dead in the closet. The boy goes to live with his mother and her nasty new boyfriend, and Cameron starts hearing weird noises in his closet again, and the boyfriend starts being mean to him, and it's pretty clear early on where *that* subplot's going.

Meanwhile, heroic Sam Talliaferro (Cotter Smith), the detective who will eventually



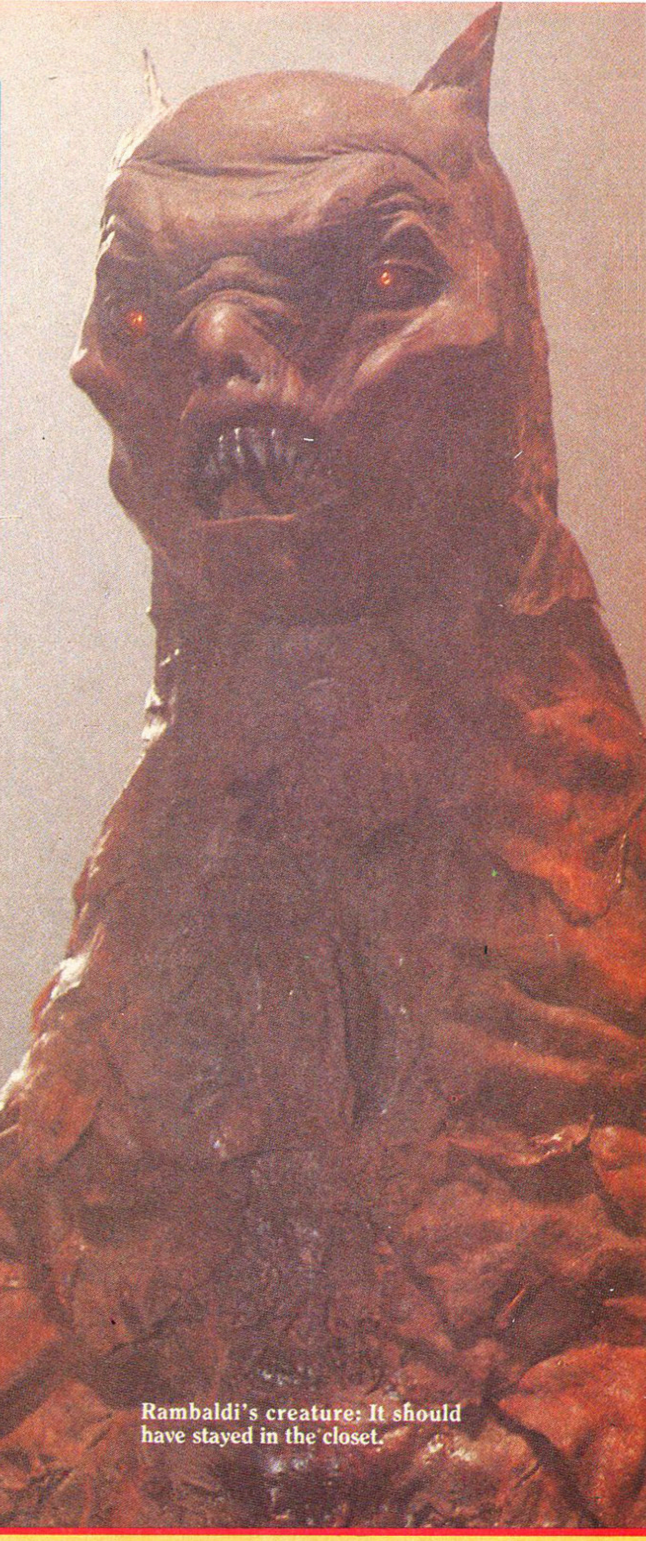
Love means never having to say you wear sloppy makeup.

investigate the murders, has been having weird dreams about walking down an eerie hallway. He's being treated by police psychiatrist Nora Haley (Mel Harris), and the two ultimately team up to help Cameron stop the demon he has raised. The eerie hallway turns out to be part of the creature's domain, but it's never made clear how it found its way into Sam's sleep. Perhaps the dream/reality connection was inserted to make the film trendy; after all, it was produced by Smart Egg Pictures, who helped finance the *Nightmare on Elm Street* movies.

The script by Gary Brandner (based on his novel) also never really explains why the demon, once Cameron has raised it, doesn't just kill the boy off, since he's the only one who can send it back. The characters say that the monster needs the boy's energy, but that doesn't explain why it threatens to stick Cameron's head in an out-of-control ceiling fan at one point, or how it can kill an investigating policeman when no one else is home. Evidently, Brandner and director Armand Mastroianni felt that they could get away with the old it's-supernatural-so-anything-goes excuse, but it doesn't work and only calls attention to the movie's other implausibilities.

For example, the scene of the boyfriend's death involves the latest case of Fatally Parked Car Syndrome. Also recently seen in *Bad Dreams* and *Child's Play*, this law states that if a character is thrown from a roof or through a window, there will always be a parked car directly underneath the spot where he or she is going to land. This time, the victim goes through the window of a suburban house, so the demon has to blast him hard enough to propel him all the way across the front lawn to where the car is. The unusual circumstances of the "fall" make Sam suspicious about the incident, as does the fact the boyfriend's eyes were burned out of their sockets. "I've never seen anything like it," says a coroner. "Neither did he," says Sam.

There are a couple of genuine scares a little later in the film, particularly an attack on Cameron's uncle in the shower, but even in this scene the movie continues to make up new rules as it needs them: The demon can now leave its dwelling and imitate people so the film can have another gore scene. Things really fall apart at the climax, when Sam enters the creature's lair and encounters a devilish personification of Cameron. The two are supposed to be throwing each other across the set, but it's laughably obvious that they're both flying around on wires. Then Carlo Rambaldi's demon creation shows up, and it's a pretty lame payoff for all the buildup it's gotten. Looking like Rambaldi's *Possession*



Rambaldi's creature: It should have stayed in the closet.

monster painted black with horns and wings added (rumor has it that's exactly what it is), it does little but snarl, zoom down a hallway as if on roller skates and wave its tentacles around. It ends up as frightening and a lot less convincing than Rambaldi's E.T.

The only really worthwhile elements of *Cameron's Closet* are the classy cinematography of Russell Carpenter (whose film work also graced *Lady in White*) and the performance of Scott Curtis as Cameron. He appears natural and sympathetic, and might have a good career ahead of him if he can find his way into better material. This film might have been better if it had more subtly exploited the contrast between Curtis' unforced innocence and the demon's evil, instead of wrapping things up with the hokey "friendship conquers all" ending it now uses. ✸

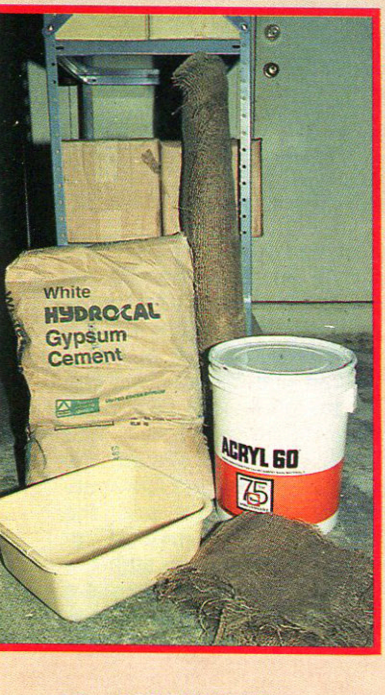
By DOUG DREXLER

CAGLIONE & DREXLER'S
MAKEUP FX LAB

Moldmaking, From the Ground Up

Wow! Our GOREZONE #4 column, the how-to Pee-wee demon extravaganza, was an unqualified success. Judging by the letters we've received here at the makeup lab, there are quite a few technoheads out there. You guys are hungry for info? OK, we keep the customer satisfied.

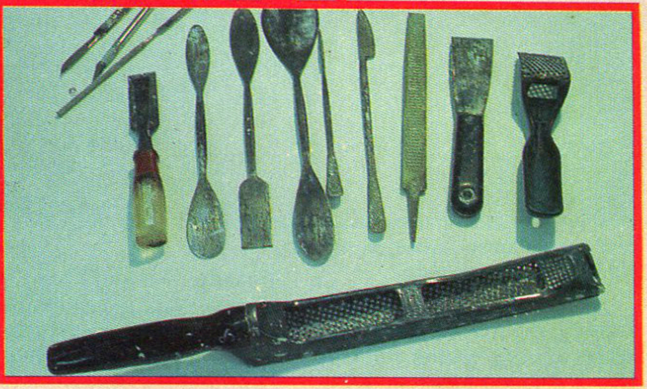
John Haldane out in Delran, NJ, Eric Horst from Lancaster, PA and Shannon Steele of Hanahan, SC sent the stand-out letters, thoughtful and specific. We intend to answer all questions, starting at the very beginning. Our readers have requested basic information ("...I found myself totally unfamiliar with a few of the terms you used, such as Hydrocal negative and Ultracal positive..."). Well, listen up, because class is in session! Let's get the ball rolling with *basic plaster.*



All Photos: Donna Drexler/Copyright C&D

PHOTO 1: You're lookin' at it, the backbone of our industry: plaster, burlap, water and Acryl 60. All of these materials, with the exception of the Acryl, have been around since the beginning of time. Hydrocal and Ultracal are our two favorite gypsum cements. Hydrocal, a medium-strength cement, is used primarily for making life casts and nonessential molds known as waste molds. (A waste mold is a mold that you actually *break off* of your model.) Ultracal is too dense for this purpose. We use Ultracal where high strength and heat resistance are important. It is the most dimensionally stable of all the gypsum cements; this stability makes ultrafine invisible edges on makeup appliances possible. Burlap and Acryl are both used to reinforce gypsum.

PHOTO 2: An assortment of plaster working tools are imperative. Chisels, surforms, rasps and scalpels are *not* for severing people's heads. Sorry. Between the hardware store and sculpture supply, you should have no problem procuring these goodies. They are a most worthy investment. We assure you that your hands will be tied without them!



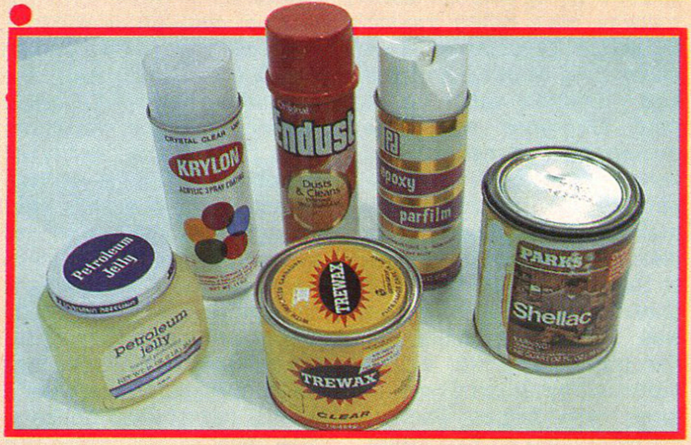


PHOTO 3: Pictured here are a few of the most common separators. A separator is something you apply to your model to keep plaster from sticking to it. Shellac and Crystal Clear are used to seal porous materials that tend to suck the water out of plaster, corrupting its surface and ruining your mold. For instance, if you plan to make a plaster mold of a plaster model, you *must* seal it first, then separate with vaseline or butcher's wax. If in doubt about which separator to use, do a test. Of all the items pictured above, the only one slightly obscure is the Parfilm; most sculpture supplies carry Parfilm or something similar. Ask questions!

PHOTO 4: Plaster is a tactile thing. You must feel it and learn its characteristics. Here is an exercise that will sharpen your skills and help you master the creature known as plaster. Start with a flexible plastic bowl sprayed with Endust. (This makes leftover plaster pop out, leaving a nice clean bowl. If you don't believe me, try it without Endust. Heh! Heh!) OK, half-fill the bowl with cool water. Rule of thumb: Your volume will approximately double by the time you've added the gypsum. Use this as an aid in estimating the quantity of material you end up with.

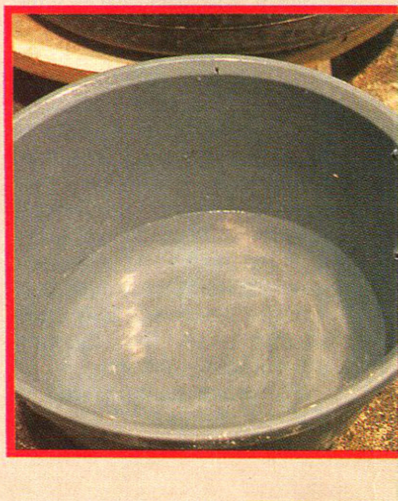
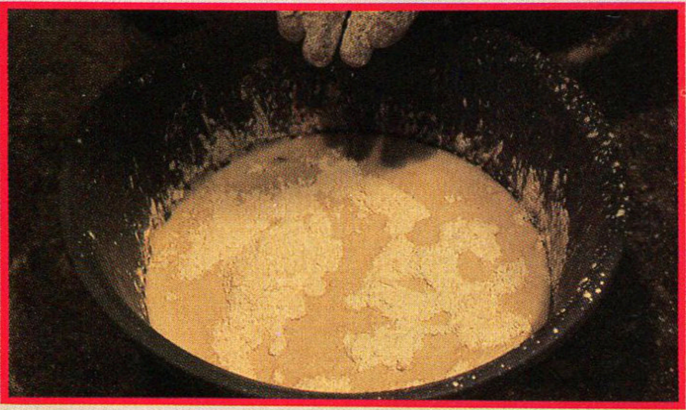


PHOTO 5: Next, go to the old plaster bag and get in there! Fluff it up good, 'cause plaster tends to pack down while in transit. Each particle of plaster is supposed to have a perfect little bubble of air around it; if it's packed, the bubble gets distorted and the plaster will not evenly absorb the water. This can result in substandard strength, a no-no in anyone's book.

PHOTO 6: Sift the plaster (in this photo, Hydrocal) into the bowl. Use your hand rather than a cup; with a cup, you cannot feel the material, and if you have some grit or debris in there, you'll never know until it's too late. Don't dump the plaster in, take your time. Let the water take the plaster at its own rate. When you start to get dry areas like islands, stop sifting. Let the plaster soak.



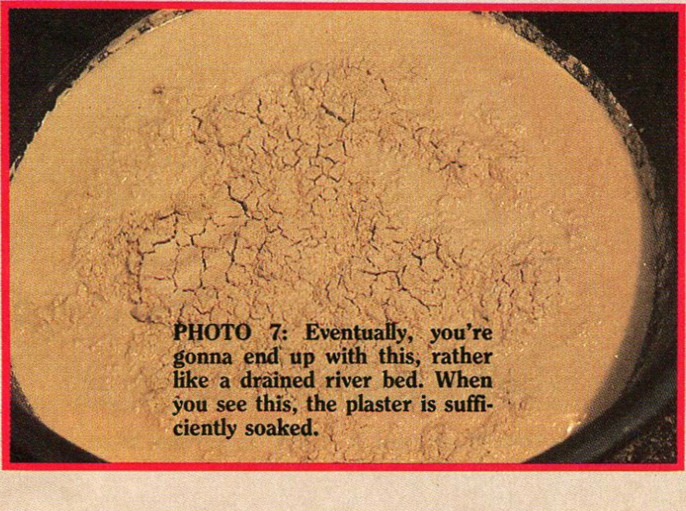


PHOTO 7: Eventually, you're gonna end up with this, rather like a drained river bed. When you see this, the plaster is sufficiently soaked.

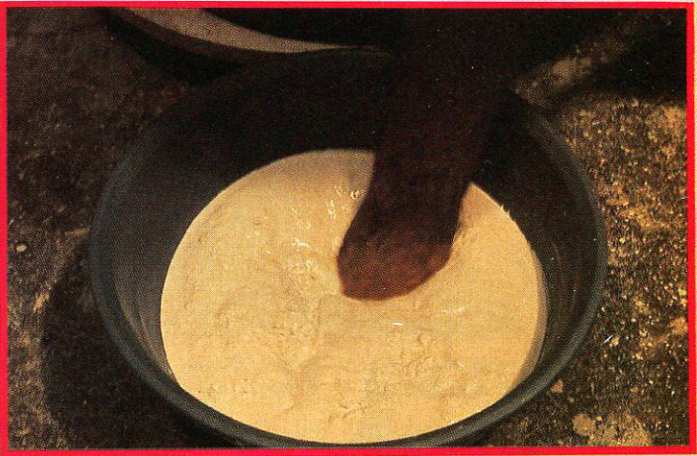


PHOTO 8: Now the fun begins. Get your hand submerged, and with a gentle side-to-side movement, agitate the mix for about a minute. Nice and creamy, now.

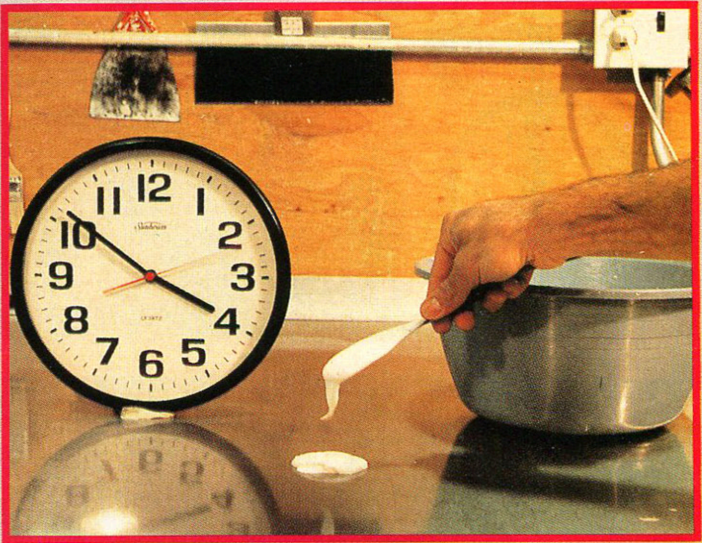


PHOTO 9: Ready for a little time-lapse? Here we discover the different phases of plaster's life. Once it's mixed, the stuff begins to thicken, going thru many consistencies. In order to use it competently, you must become master of all its ages. Check the clock; at this time, the Hydrocal is a runny soup, like melted ice cream. If you keep adding material at this point, the stuff will just spread across the table.

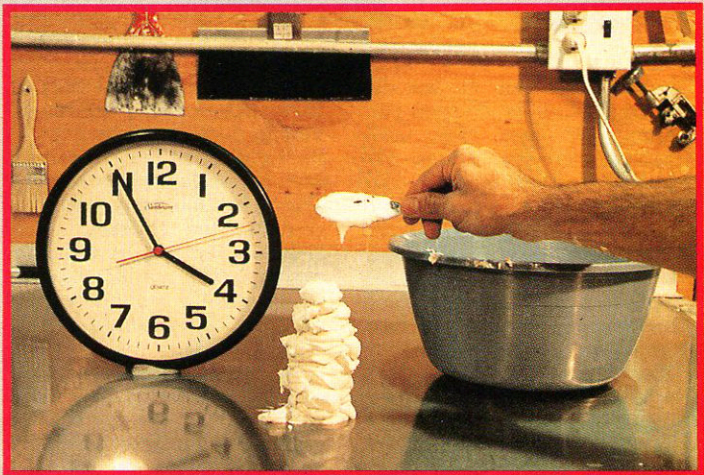


PHOTO 10: After about four minutes, the mix has reached a viscosity that allows for some modest buildability. If you added one more spatula full, the whole thing would collapse.

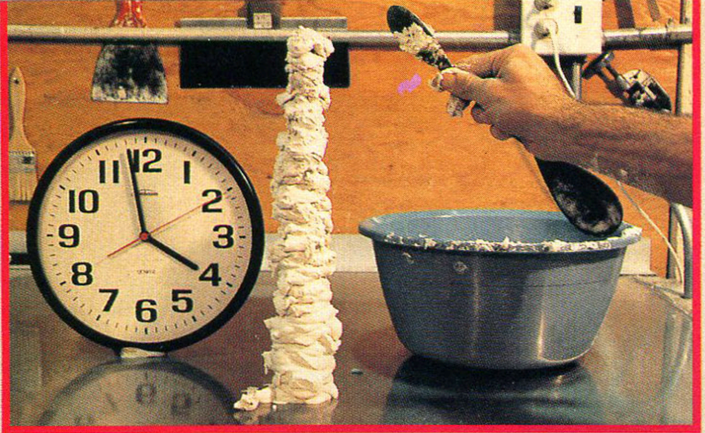


PHOTO 11: At seven minutes, we're cookin' with gas! But one more dab, and like the tower of Babel, it would all fall down.

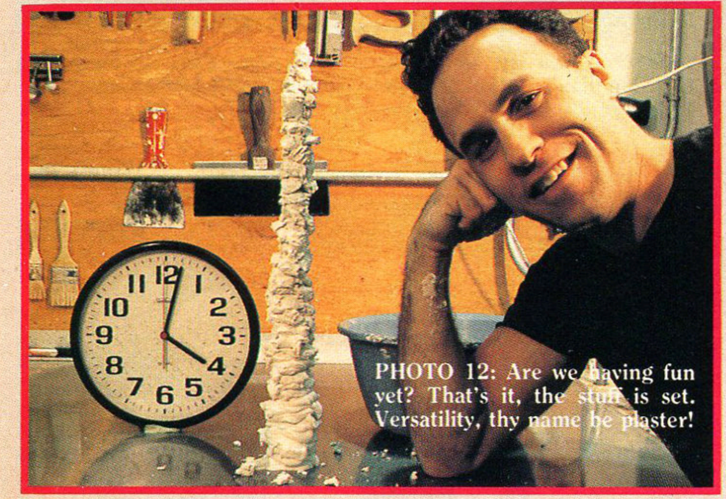


PHOTO 12: Are we having fun yet? That's it, the stuff is set. Versatility, thy name be plaster!

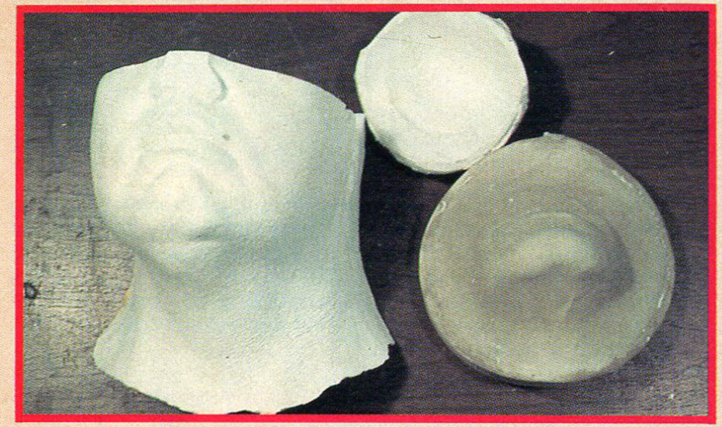


PHOTO 13: This shot demonstrates how we use different plasters for different purposes, and how they work together. To the left is our original Hydrocal life cast. Our order from the sculpture department calls for a copy of the actor's chin that can ultimately be used to fabricate foam latex appliances, so we need good dimensional stability and heat resistance. This calls for Ultracal. In order to do this, we're going to make a Hydrocal snap mold; this means that we seal the life cast with either shellac or Crystal Clear. Next, coat the cast with the separator of your choice. Vaseline will do nicely.

Mix your Hydrocal, building the material up on the chin. Since the actor's chin is an open, fairly flat surface, we should have no problem popping the set Hydrocal off of the original life cast. A nose would be a problem; since it has too many nooks and crannies, the Hydrocal would lock onto the original and never come off. In a case like that, you would make a multipiece mold which we will cover in a forthcoming article.

So OK, we've got the Hydrocal snap. (That's the little cylindrical mold in the center. It is a negative of the actor's chin.) If we pour Ultracal into this snap, we end up with a positive of the chin, suitable for baking foam latex.

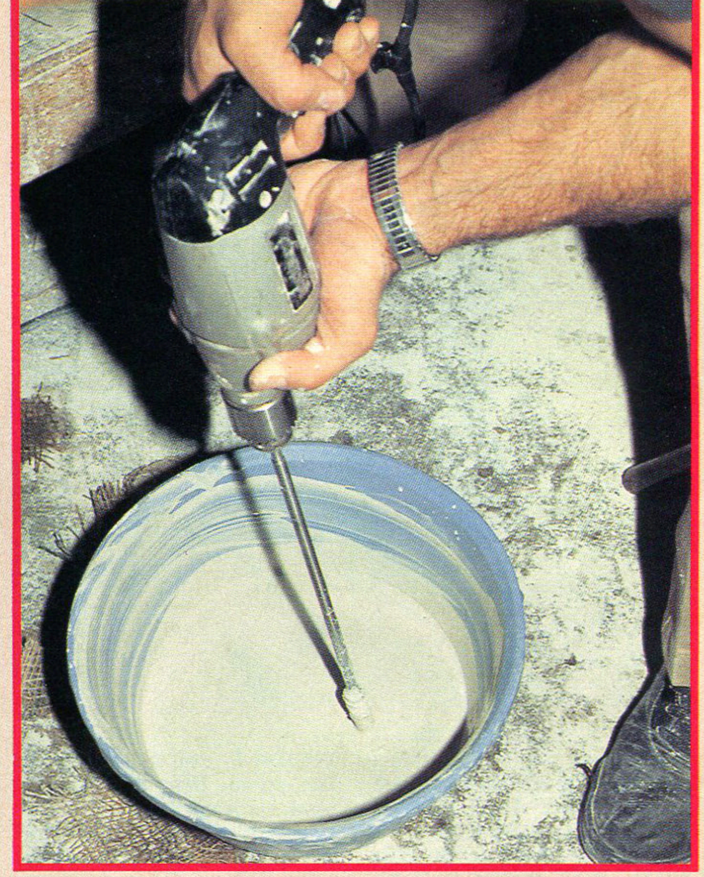


PHOTO 14: Let's just take a quick taste of some advanced moldmaking, in order to whet your appetite for future issues. Here, we prepare some Ultracal using a drill to mix the gypsum. A rubber sanding disc, submerged at the end of the drill shaft, assures the best and strongest mix. Time mixed is also crucial, but that's for later.

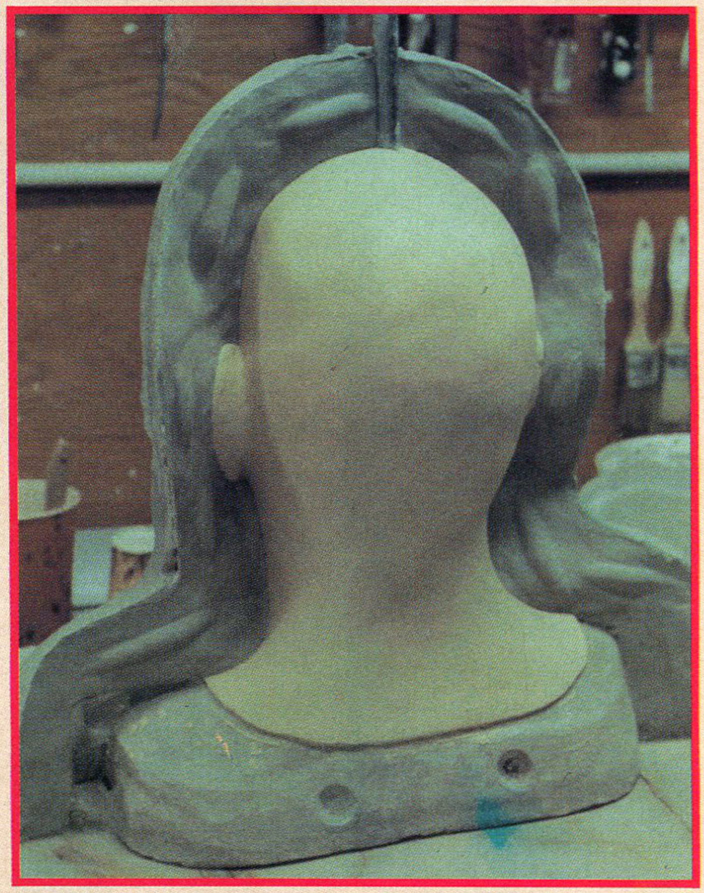


PHOTO 15: Here is our mold in progress, the front completed. The model has been carefully separated.

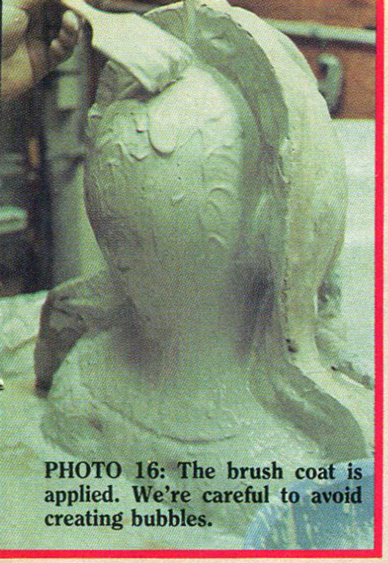


PHOTO 16: The brush coat is applied. We're careful to avoid creating bubbles.

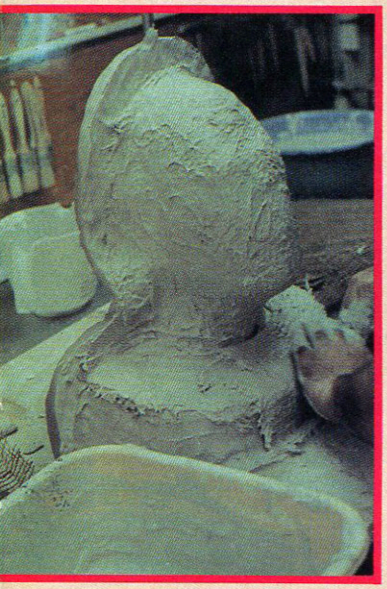
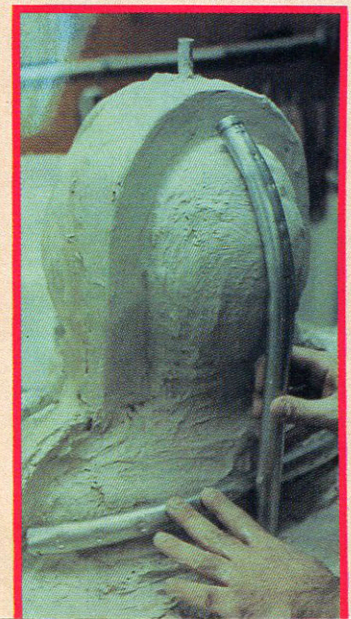


PHOTO 17: Once the brush coat has been sufficiently built up (as per our viscosity demonstration), burlap saturated with Ultracal is pressed into it.

PHOTO 18: The mold nears completion and is fitted with aluminum pipes. These pipes aid in handling the mold, not to mention complementing its strength.



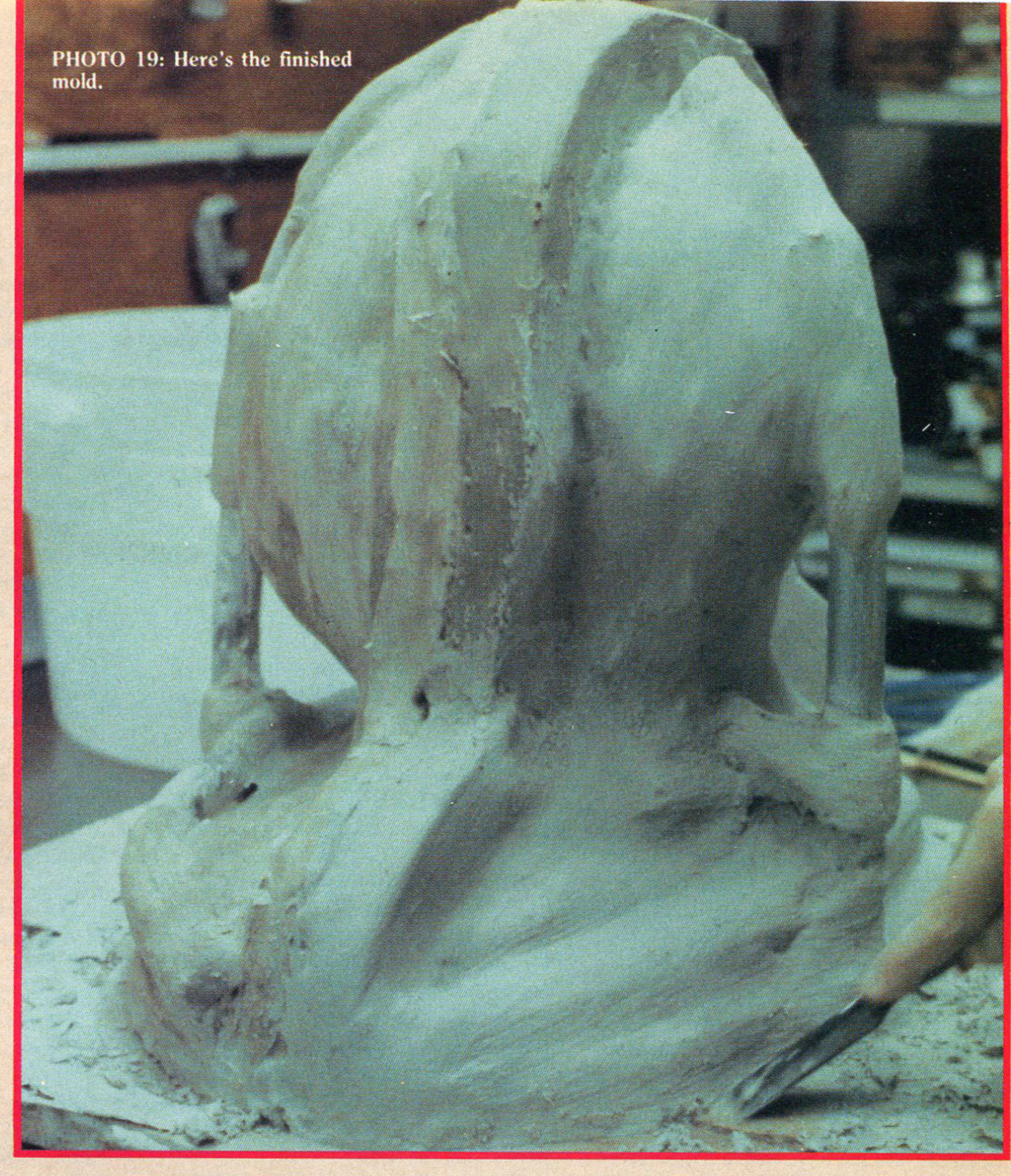


PHOTO 19: Here's the finished mold.

PHOT 20: A parting shot of John doing exactly what he does best, and loving every minute of it. We return next issue with even more of the same. Hope we see you then! Aloha!

FICTION

(continued from page 55)

She went in the first of several doors. He went in moments later.

A single bulb, suspended from the ceiling, lit the landing. The glare hurt Brown's eyes. He unscrewed it with a handkerchief, then listened for footsteps on the stairs. He tapped the wall and noted the dull, hollowed thud.

He found the mailboxes behind the door, bolted to the wall, with one or two names above all but number five. If Brown understood Miss Gray as he thought, this was hers. She'd have no roommate, she'd feel no need to mark a mail slot hers.

Apartments one through three were on the first floor. This meant Miss Gray's was on the second. Brown had hoped to take what he needed now, but he'd never become skilled at entering upstairs windows, and even if no passerby saw him picking the locks of Miss Gray's door, the plasterboard walls would stifle little of the screaming.

Brown went to the second floor. As he'd expected, he found no name on the door of apartment five.

A man and woman, kids really, probably students, came out of the door on the right. The boy wore jeans and a T-shirt, the girl jeans and a blouse. They glanced at Brown as they passed.

Halfway down the stairs, the boy stopped and turned. "You looking for somebody, buddy?"

"The woman who lives here." Brown spoke as had the boy, with a Midwestern slurring of vowels. "Do you know her?"

"She keeps to herself. What do you need?"

As on the first floor, a bulb hung from the ceiling. Brown squinted and resisted the urge to shield his eyes. "She has a problem with her rent."

"Oh," said the girl. "Oh, OK." She stood with hands in pockets, two steps below her boyfriend. "You must be with Modern Apartments, huh?"

Brown smiled and nodded. The girl did too, tension leaving her mouth and jaw, but the boy didn't. His face showed neither intelligence nor great stupidity. "Mr. Miller handles that sort of thing."

"He's taken another job."

"I doubt it. He owns the company."

Brown felt less angry at the boy than at himself. He'd had no reason, no good one, for examining Miss Gray's door. The lust caused this. It diminished judgment, skewered reason.

Brown grinned, feigning embarrassment. "I'm new with Modern," he said. "You're talking about Miller, the owner. Plump man, about fifty years old."

"Thin guy a couple years younger than you."

"Oh yeah, that's right," said Brown. "Mr. Miller."

The girl tugged at her boyfriend's elbow. She said, "C'mon, Frank," and went down the stairs.

The boy didn't move. "Why don't you try knocking, buddy?"

"I did."

"When?"

"Before you came out."

"Try again."

Brown thought of several responses. He chose one. "OK, kid, listen," he said. "I'm a cop, and I'm on police business."

"You got ID?"

"Call the station. Ask if they know a Detective Johnson."

"Why can't you show your badge?"

" 'Cause I don't feel like it."

The boy's eyes went hard. He clenched and unclenched his right hand.

"You wanna assault a cop, kid?" said Brown, calculated anger in his voice. "Is that what you want?" He gestured the boy forward. "Then let's get to it."

Brown and the boy glared at one another. Seconds passed. The boy turned, grumbling, and descended the stairs. He pushed his girlfriend out the door before him.

Brown made sure that the boy had gone, then did as he should have earlier. He explored the construction site across the street; it suited his purpose.

He knew from experience that patience was the key.

This evening and the next and for as many as needed, he'd sit amid lumber and piles of dirt, watching Miss Gray's apartment. When she left, he'd follow, learning where she went and what routes she took, searching for that time and place he could take her with no fear of interruption.

An hour later, having decided that Miss Gray would come out no more tonight, he left. He was outside his apartment, key in hand, when he heard one car door open, then another.

Two men sat in a station wagon parked four spaces away. Dirt smeared the windshield. Rust had gnawed holes the length of the body.

Robbie got out on the right and threw away a cigarette. Another young man, taller and thicker through the chest, got out from behind the steering wheel. They spoke across the hood.

Brown met them midway between car and apartment. He ignored the second man. "How'd you find this place?"

"I got my ways."

Now that Robbie knew where he lived, Brown would have to move. The thought angered him. "You followed me after one of our meetings, didn't you?"

Like a child with a secret, Robbie shrugged and looked away. He nodded at his companion. "This is Willie, a friend of mine."

"Your roommate?"

"Yeah."

Willie wore a stocking cap rolled tight and pulled to his eyes. A silver cross hung at his throat, another below his ear. He moved away from Robbie to a position slightly behind Brown.

"So, gentlemen," said Brown, "what do you want?"

"Gentlemen," Robbie repeated, grinning as if at a joke. "You talk like a guy in a book, Mr. Brown. You really do." He brushed hair from his eyes. "I need a couple hundred dollars."

"You want what, a loan?"

"Yeah, sure. A loan."

Brown knew now that he'd erred in giving Robbie money the evening before. Not unlike Brown, Robbie saw kindness as both a form and symptom of weakness.

"Go away," said Brown. "Don't come here again."

"I need the money, Mr. Brown, and you and me, we're like buddies."

"Hardly."

"C'mon, man."

"No."

Robbie glanced at Willie. "OK," he said, grin gone, lips taut against his teeth. "OK, fine."

Brown saw the attack in Robbie's face, heard it in Willie's silence. He had no more strength or resistance to injury than did a human. He had only years and decades and centuries of experience. He crouched, tensed his arm, calculated.

He waited an instant, no longer, then swung his elbow. . . hard, plunging it into Willie's chest.

Something gave, then snapped. Willie stumbled back, a groan burbling from his throat. He sputtered, gagged, dropped to one knee.

Robbie watched, lips and eyelids aflutter. "You bastard," he screamed at Brown. "You stinking bastard!"

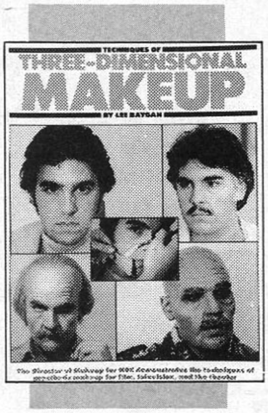
Brown's elbow felt bruised, maybe cracked. Neighbors almost certainly watched through parted curtains. He wondered if one had already gone to the phone and dialed 911. "Shhh," he said, finger at his lips.

"Screw you."

"You don't want the police here."

(continued on page 64)

THE GORE STORE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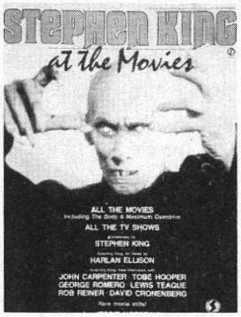
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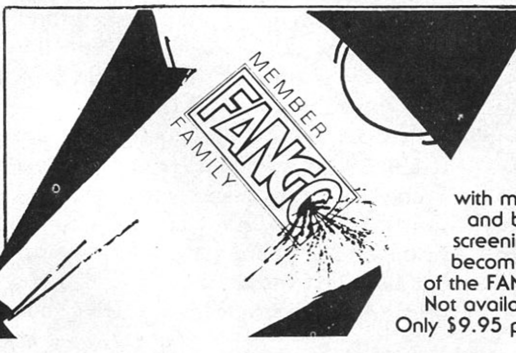
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FICTION

(continued from page 62)

Without answering, Robbie went to his friend, helped him rise, guided him toward their car. He looked at Brown only once. "I'll get you," he said. "I swear to God I will."

Brown drank the second bag of blood. His nausea lessened, his lust didn't. He slept until shortly before sunset the next day.

He was awakened by a woman's voice, loud and harsh and blurred by static. It came from outside his apartment. Seconds passed before he recognized it as a dispatcher talking over a two-way radio.

He decided against going out a window. Instead, when a knock came at the door, he answered.

Two policemen stood in the blinding sunlight, their car behind them. Robbie sat in the back seat.

"Are you Brown?"

Brown carried several pieces of ID in his wallet, some of which bore that name, but he'd rented the apartment under another. "Smith," he said. "William Smith."

"Smith, huh?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long you lived here, Smith?"

"Three or four months," said Brown. "Why?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"I have a few investments."

The policeman wore a sergeant's badge that was polished but slightly crooked. His shirt was too small, with gaps between all but the top two buttons. His belly hid his belt buckle.

His partner, younger and less fat, stood on Brown's left. He leaned against the wall, one hand near his revolver.

"The kid in the car," said the sergeant, nodding over his shoulder. "You know him?"

Robbie, his face to the window, winked at Brown. In that instant, Brown knew what the boy had told the police. He knew what accusation Robbie would find both ironic and believable. "Am I in some sort of trouble?"

"Just answer the question."

"No."

"No, what?" said the sergeant. His slight frown hadn't changed since Brown opened the door. "You won't tell me, or you don't know him?"

"The latter."

"The what?"

"I don't know him."

"But you've seen him around, right?"

"No."

Brown had played this game many times. He knew the rules and tactics. If he admitted even a passing acquaintance with Robbie, he'd give the police cause to take him in for questioning. They'd badger and threaten, play good cop and bad, probe for weakness and for guilt. But if he said little, admitted nothing, they'd go away.

"I don't know," said the sergeant. "I just don't know." He shook his head, seemingly lost in thought. "Why would the kid make up a story like this?"

"I have no idea. What did he say?"

"He says that a couple night ago, downtown, you approached him and asked if he needed a place to sleep. He said no, and you asked if he wanted to make twenty dollars."

"I've never seen him."

"He says he followed you here."

Brown was angry now, so he used it. "That's a lie. A damn lie."

"OK, Smith," said the sergeant, nodding, backing away. "OK, you win." He gestured his partner to the car. "But we're watching you, and if you're doing what we think, we'll get you. I swear to God we will."

That evening, although Brown saw no light in Miss Gray's apartment, he suspected she was there. He envisioned her lying in bed, reading by the glow of a small lamp.

She came out shortly before midnight, a laundry bag under her arm. Brown followed her to a laundromat two blocks away. As she entered, another woman left, leaving her alone. She got change from a machine and bought soap. She loaded a washer, then a second.

Brown stood across the street, in the lot of a gas station closed for the night. He stood between a tow truck and a gutted Buick, squinting at the brightly lit laundromat, watching Miss Gray through the plate glass window.

He waited, his lust growing, then crossed the street and went in. He bought a Coke from the machine by the door and sipped the thin, tasteless liquid.

He glanced about the room, ignoring his burning and the rapidity of his heartbeat. He concentrated on what he must do. He'd hit her once, shoving her nose into her brain, preventing both noise and struggle. He'd break into the utility room, find either a light switch or fuse box, and darken the laundromat. He'd secure the doors by placing coins above and below their four hinges.

Miss Gray dropped a blouse into the washer. "Do I know you?"

Brown knew no reason to lie. "Last night," he said, coming to stand before the woman. "At the bookstore."

"And outside my apartment."

Brown nodded.

"I take it you're no police officer."

"No."

"So what do you want?"

Brown could smell Miss Gray's Estee Lauder and see her eyes beneath her tinted glasses. In imagination, he saw her falling, hands to her face, blood spurting between her fingers. He saw her sprawled on the floor, twitching, opened from jaw to sternum.

"The sadness was never your fault," he said. "Some people find what they want, some have no idea where to search." He wished he could tell his victims why they had to die, but he'd tried it once, long ago, and it had done no good, it had made nothing easier. "I'm sorry," he said. "Really, I'm sorry."

Miss Gray's left eye twitched, but she showed no fear. She didn't scream, or burst into tears, or beg for mercy. She stood as if braced for the attack, feet apart, knees bent, elbows in.

Brown drew back his fist. He prepared to strike.

But he didn't.

He wondered why, but he knew. And he knew that he knew. He felt guilt. . . guilt, that most useless and dangerous of emotions, the enemy with which he'd struggled many times before.

Miss Gray was too young, or perhaps too pretty. Or both. Or neither. Maybe she'd solve her problems. Maybe they existed only in Brown's imagination.

Either way, he found that he—he couldn't—he didn't want to kill her.

Brown backed away, stumbled over a chair, knocked an ashtray to the floor. He cursed himself and his weakness.

He hit the door at a run.

Nausea.

Pain.

Panic.

Brown's almost having satisfied his lust increased it tenfold. He opened the windows and stripped to his shorts, hoping to cool the fever that scorched his cheeks and brow.

He hadn't the patience for emptying the third bag of blood into a bowl. He attacked it as he would a victim's throat. He knelt on knees and elbows, biting, tearing, unconcerned that blood smeared his chin and gushed onto the carpet. Eyes closed, Adam's apple bobbing, he gulped.

But still, he was starving.

He passed out, or slept, or perhaps simply lay on his side, knees drawn forward, hands to his face, lost in his sickness. The phone rang, rousing him, but he didn't move. It rang again. He lifted the receiver and said, "Hello," but

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no one answered.

He had an idea. He got the carton of milk from the refrigerator and filled the bowl outside the door. "Here kitty," he called out, his voice unsteady. "Here kitty, kitty. . ."

The cat peered from under the bushes. She approached the bowl, pausing to glance about every few steps.

Brown squatted. The cat watched him, and he watched her. He grabbed her by the throat, pulled her to his chest, hurried inside.

She understood the situation more quickly than would a human, with no need to consider, or guess at motives, or hope against hope. She wriggled and shrieked. She flailed her rear legs and buried her teeth in the flesh between Brown's thumb and forefinger.

Brown squeezed. The cat's jaws parted. Her eyes bulged.

But no. No. Brown wanted to kill the cat no more than he'd wanted to kill Miss Gray. And anyway, killing her would give no more relief than had the bag of blood. Quickly, allowing himself no time to reconsider, he went to the window and dropped the cat to the ground.

He called Robbie. He told the boy that he'd proven himself a vicious little bastard.

"Damned straight," said Robbie, sounding pleased. "I figured the cops would scare you."

"They did."

"Scared your ass off, huh?"

"I don't need trouble," said Brown, a tremor in his voice. "How much money do you want?"

"Five hundred."

"OK."

"A thousand," said Robbie. "No, make it fifteen hundred."

"But then we're through, right?" said Brown. "No more deals, no more cops."

"Right."

"You promise?"

"Yeah."

"Say it. Say you promise."

"Me and Willie will be over in a few minutes, Brown. Have the cash ready."

They came an hour later.

"So let's get this over with," said Robbie, coming to the middle of the room and looking about. "Where's the money?"

Brown didn't answer.

"C'mon, weirdo," said Willie. "We don't have all night."

Brown closed and locked the door, then brought a blade from his pocket, a stiletto centuries old but neither tarnished nor dulled. He kicked Robbie in the groin. The boy dropped.

Willie attacked, throwing his arms around Brown's waist, butting his head into Brown' abdomen. Brown hit the wall with a gasp and dropped the knife.

The door and windows rattled. Willie slammed Brown to the wall repeatedly.

Brown couldn't catch his breath. He could think of nothing but the pain that ran the length of his spine. Acting out of experience, he slipped his hand between his belly and Willie's face. He located Willie's cheek and nose, then plunged his thumb into the boy's eye.

Willie staggered back, helpless, hopeless, lurching one way, then another. He wasn't dead, not yet, but as a human, he was already finished, his brain ordering actions it couldn't control or coordinate. He collapsed, twitching and sputtering, mumbling syllables that formed no words.

Brown dropped to the floor. He sat against the wall, letting the pain peak and pass. Then he stood.

Robbie was still on his knees. "Forget the money," he said, waving Brown off. His voice trembled, his eyes pleaded.

Brown gripped him by the hair. He slammed his face to the floor. Bone and cartilage crunched. Robbie's scream was only a whisper. He lifted himself slowly, elbows out, palms to the carpet.

Brown slammed him to the floor a second time, then a third. "I'm really sorry," he said, or perhaps only thought.

But he felt slight guilt.

He felt little but the lust.

The lust.

Blood spurted from the gash under Robbie's ear. Brown crouched astride him with fangs bared, drinking as from a fountain, sipping the bittersweet liquid.

Brown felt better. He felt good. With relief came memories of youth, those years before the Black Death swept the steppes, before his family and the tribal elders asked how a boy could die in the morning and live that night.

The reverie ended when Brown heard metal scraping metal, the sound of someone's picking a lock. He rose watching the door, unsure whether to flee or attack.

Miss Gray was without her glasses. She came in quickly and quietly and closed the door behind her.

She looked from the corpses to Brown, from him to the corpses, her left eyelid fluttering like a moth in a spider's web. "Oh, my God," she said, eyes wide, hand to her mouth. "Oh, my God."

Brown reviewed experiences and theories of behavior, trying to understand why Miss Gray was here. Perhaps she suffered more melancholy, more fragility of spirit, than he'd realized. Perhaps she was one of the women, rare but not so rare, who sought the man of their nightmares, the man who'd end the lives they despised.

Or maybe not—

Miss Gray seemed unready for death. She held a small silver pistol as if she knew how, firmly yet loosely. She pointed it at Brown's stomach.

"How'd you find my apartment?" said Brown.

"I have my ways."

Brown advanced. With the pistol, she waved him back, and he obeyed.

Miss Gray stared at Brown. For long seconds, she seemed to study him, an emotion that was neither terror nor disgust twisting her features. In her eyes, Brown saw something he knew, something familiar.

But what? What?

Miss Gray smiled. She parted her lips and threw back her head. She showed Brown her teeth. Her incisors. Her fangs, long and sharp.

Brown understood. It took a moment, but he did. Miss Gray had seen him as the perfect victim, a depraved little man who stalked women at night, a rapist, perhaps a murderer. She'd baited him, lured him, but the trap failed to spring, so she changed her tactics.

She was like Brown. Almost exactly.

"I didn't know there were others," she said. "I suspected, sometimes I hoped, but I didn't know."

"Me either."

"I need it," said Miss Gray, nodding at the corpses. "I need it badly."

They crouched, Miss Gray and Mr. Brown, taking what they needed. Miss Gray raised her head and wiped hair matted with blood from her eyes. "Did these boys deserve this?"

"Not really."

Puddles of blood hardened on the carpet. A muscle in Robbie's calf tightened, making his foot flop against the floor.

"Sometimes. . ." said Miss Gray, shaking her head, "sometimes I feel very, I don't know. . . very—"

"Guilty?"

"Yes. Guilty."

Brown felt the sense of kinship for which he'd longed. Perhaps it wouldn't last, but he enjoyed it anyway. He asked Miss Gray her name.

"Johnson," she said. "Susan Johnson."

"Really?"

"No."

Dawn was hours away. The man whose name wasn't Brown and the woman whose name wasn't Johnson continued their feast.

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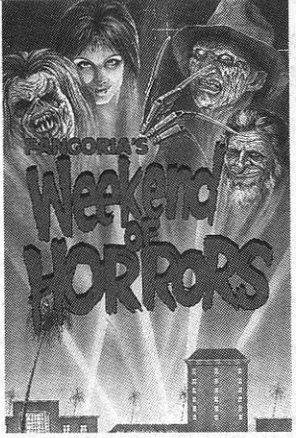

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Well! One year down, and only 99 to go until GOREZONE's 100th birthday bash—at which point we will surely look back on 1989 as a fine era for the genre.

Shock of shocks, the year ahead holds much action on the sequel front, with NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 5, FRIDAY THE 13TH PART VIII, EVIL DEAD III, CLASS OF 1999 and STEPFATHER II leading the way. But don't let that distract you, because you'll also need to pay full attention to new work from Wes Craven, Clive Barker, Stuart Gordon, Frank Henenlotter and New Zealand's newcomer Peter Jackson, whose BRAIN DEAD should blow his BAD TASTE following sky-high.

There's more trouble brewing in Pastaland, as you'll see in our second Italian update. Want to find out about the new medieval shocker THE CHURCH, produced by Dario Argento and directed by his protege Michele Soavi? Or DEMONS 3, slated to go before the cameras this spring? Then *be* here, pal.

Of course, dearest to our hearts is that endangered breed, the independent American slaughter flick. If you've seen LUTHER THE GEEK, then you know the form is alive and biting. Expect in-depth analysis of this intense, venal movie and others like it in upcoming issues.

Ah, so the anniversary celebration is over . . . but the party's just beginning! Get set for GOREZONE #8!

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